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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

BRAIN WORK QUALIFIES FOR TRADE UNION

Forthcoming Conference of British Labor Party Plans for Revision of Constitution So as to Broaden Base

MAY INCLUDE INTELLECTUALS

Executive Devotes Two Years to Framing of Proposed Amendments to Tighten Up Machinery

WITH the Labor Party in office and with a record number of Labor members of Parliament in the House of Commons, the annual conference of the youngest of British political parties takes on even more interest than usual. This year's meeting will be held in Brighton, where, on September 30, a large body of delegates will assemble to rejoice over the victory at the general election, congratulate and criticize the Government and lay plans for the ensuing twelve months.

The major task of the conference likely will be the revision of the party's constitution which has remained unchanged for over ten years. An executive of the party has worked for two years in preparing the draft which was lately issued.

Important changes in the constitution, in one direction tightening up party machinery and imposing a rather stricter discipline on members and in another broadening the basis of membership are proposed. The latter measure is a continuation of a tendency first made manifest in 1918. Up to that time the party had been purely a federated body made up largely of trade unions.

This restricted the membership in the main to "workers by hand." "Workers by brain"—in other words, the middle class intellectual elements—could only participate in the party's work by joining one of the Socialist bodies, such as the Independent Labor Party or the Fabian Society, which were allowed to affiliate on the same terms as the trade unions.

AGED WHITEHALL

Administration Centre of British Empire Marks 400 the Year of Its Existence

Whitehall, the broad, beautiful street of London, which extends from Trafalgar Square to Westminster—from St. James's Park to the Thames—has just been celebrating its 400th birthday, for early in July, 1529, King Henry VIII took over the palace there, until then occupied by Cardinal Wolsey, whom he had disgraced, and changed the name from York Place to Whitehall. Here successive monarchs of England resided and here Oliver Cromwell ruled and died, and his son kept the fires burning for Charles II, who also died there, and so on, until, in 1698, the whole structure went up in flames by a fire kindled by a Dutch laundress. Today, on account of the number of Government buildings since erected on this street, it is called "the administrative centre of the British Empire."

TO HONOR VIRGIL

Celebrate Two Thousandth Anniversary of Latin Poet's Birthday Next Spring

An anniversary which should touch the heart of every schoolboy, the two thousandth of the immortal Virgil, will be celebrated next Spring. Special functions—possibly of a sad and defamatory kind—will be held in most of the schools in England, says the London correspondent of The New York Times, by those unfortunate students whose entrance to the universities next year will depend upon how well they have learned or cribbed their Aeneid. Funeral pyres have been planned and upon these will be laid choice examples of the "Demon's work." Although the anniversary is not a school holiday, one teacher at least will be absent from his classes, namely, Professor Conway, of Manchester University, a renowned Virgil scholar. He plans to take a party of students to Verona, Brescia, Mantua and Florence—the towns with which the poet was particularly associated.

AMBULANCE BRIGADE

The following information, taken from the 1928 report of the Chapter General of the Order of St. John, will be of interest. The strength of the brigade is as follows—British Isles, ambulance, 38,222 men; nursing, 13,409 women; cadets, 5,814; total, 57,445. Overseas, ambulance, 7,727 men; nursing, 2,289 women; cadets, 461; total, 10,477. Grand total, 67,922.

The Duchess of York has been appointed commander-in-chief of nursing divisions. Major General Sir Havelock Charles, G.C.V.O., K.C.S.I., LL.D., M.D., F.R.C.I., chief commissioner, St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas, has been created a baronet by His Majesty the King.

Musicians Seek Law Limiting Use Of Talkie Films

THE grievances of British musicians against the "talkie" films and American jazz bands will be voiced in a resolution to be presented to the sixty-first annual Trades Union Congress in Belfast in September. The musicians' union will ask the Government to "make it compulsory that wherever such films or mechanical musical devices are presented a substantial part of the programme shall be accompanied by a human orchestra." A further resolution will seek to place the same restriction on "foreign musicians, especially Americans, entering this country as are placed on British musicians entering others."

FAIR COMPENSATION

Gas Co. Substitute Cash Bonus for Employment in Case of Female Employees Marrying

Women employees who end their service with the South Metropolitan Gas Company of London to get married will receive a substantial marriage dowry from the co-partnership committee. Dr. Charles Carpenter, president of the company, stated that "the arrangement followed a resolution of the board to carry out what it felt to be an act of justice, as the employees in question were required to leave the company's service upon marriage."

POLICE CHIEFS GO TO SCHOOL

Scotland Yard Conducts Instruction Classes for Heads of Law Enforcement in Empire

OVER 20 OVERSEAS OFFICERS ATTEND

During recent weeks senior police officers from most of the British Dominions and Colonies were attending a Summer school for the study of methods of crime detection and kindred subjects, which was held at Scotland Yard. The idea was adopted five years ago, and the school, which is held twice a year, has become so popular that its extension is under consideration.

Police chiefs from the Empire overseas, having obtained permission from the Secretary of State for the Dominions and Colonies, or his representative, are allowed to study every department of Scotland Yard's activities. They attend courses of lectures delivered by experts, and not only have an opportunity of learning the latest scientific methods of handling murder mysteries and the indexing and labulating of the finger prints of known criminals, but also the efficient working of police stations and such matters as traffic control. By attending some of the principal Metropolitan police courts they are able to see the machinery by which the laws of this country are administered actually at work. There are never fewer than twenty overseas police officers at the schools.

RECALLS MUNCHAUSEN

Gull Jonahises Duckling but Falls Victim to Fowler Whose Knife Releases Dazed Chick

On a craft at Bornish, South Uist, Scotland, is a young duck, which, as a two-day-old duckling, was swallowed by a large black-backed gull. The incident is vouched for by a number of witnesses. The gull swooped down, picked up the duckling and tried to swallow it as it flew off, an operation which apparently proved difficult as the gull landed on a peat stack, where it completed its effort to swallow its capture. An eyewitness, who had a shotgun, fired at the gull, killing it. With his pocket knife he then opened the bird's stomach, and there he found the duckling alive, but somewhat dazed. A pellet from the shot was embedded in the middle toe of the chick's webbed foot. The pellet was cut out and the duckling was restored to its foster mother, an ordinary barn door hen. Within a short time the chick had quite revived.

BRIDES COST 30 PIGS

Women Quoted at Low Figure Among Cannibal Tribe of South Sea Islands

The problem of equal rights for women apparently has never reared its head among the Biguambas, a cannibal tribe of Malekula, New Hebrides. Donald Nicholson, a missionary who returned with a scientific party aboard the yacht Illyria, brought to Sydney interesting tales of feminine obedience among the tribesmen. "Warfare among the tribes is almost constant," said Nicholson, "but the women in times of conflict are allowed to pass unmolested and act as messengers between the fighting tribes. The women have no rights. They do just what they are told. Parents negotiate marriages and twenty or thirty pigs is the usual price for a bride."

VISIBILITY IN FOGS AT SEA FULLY PROVED

Unseen Red Radiations Found to Penetrate Thick Ebonite and Travel Miles in Experiment

"TELEVISION" BAIRD WILL INVESTIGATE

Discovery Made During Process of Work on Apparatus to Send Pictures Over Telephone Wires

A DEVICE intended to enable ships to detect the lights of other ships through fog and darkness was shown near Dorking on a recent night by Mr. J. L. Baird, who has for some years been working on television, and during recent months has devoted himself entirely to this aspect of the problem, says The Times.

The apparatus is a box about three feet high with an oblong projection in front containing the lens. Invisible infra-red rays, which are able to pass through fog and certain other substances that prevent the passage of ordinary light, pass from the objects in the field of vision, through the lens, and throw an invisible image on to a sensitive disk behind the lens. This image is then transformed into a visible image on a screen at the back of the box. The system was discovered more or less accidentally during Mr. Baird's earlier experiments with television, when it was found necessary to protect the person whose head was to be transmitted from the powerful rays of the light thrown upon it.

The apparatus was mounted on Box Hill. At a distance of about three miles away, on the outskirts of Dorking, a motor car was stationed with one forty-eight-watt headlight turned in the direction of the hill. The light, or rather the invisible rays in its composition, could be seen as a reddish spot on the screen in the back of the box. The headlight was then obscured by a sheet of ebonite placed in front of it, which on this occasion did duty for a thick fog. The red spot disappeared for a moment, and then, after a short vibration, during which several spots were visible, reappeared as clearly as before. Its momentary disappearance was apparently due to the action of the man in the motor car in walking in front of the headlight to adjust the ebonite. The whole apparatus can be swivelled to and fro to pick up lights in any direction.

AUSTRALIA HAS BIG WOOL CROP

Value of Cut for 1928-9 Amounts to 424,108 Tons, Valued at $348,895,000

Wool from Australia's 1928-9 clip amounts to 950,000,000 pounds, or 424,108 tons, and is valued at $348,895,000, an average export price of 34.63 cents a pound. These figures are slightly in excess of previous estimates, and are a record for Australia.

At the end of 1928, there were 106,115,000 sheep in Australia, the highest total since 1891, when the record number of 106,421,168 was reached. The clip exceeds the previous record production, that of 1926-7, by 26,000,000 pounds, or 11,606 tons. The tremendous advance made in breeding in the last forty years is shown by the fact that, although the number of sheep last year was 306,000 below that of 1891, the increase in the production of wool was 309,000,000 pounds, or forty-eight per cent. This gives an increased yield of approximately two pounds a fleece.

Between 1891 and 1929 the great increase of $245,650,000 is shown in the value and export price of wool. In 1891 the 640,752,606 pounds was valued at $103,245,000, at an average export price of 14.73 cents a pound.

MILLIONS OF TREES

Forestry Commission Report Planting of About 50,000,000 During Year

No fewer than 49,998,000 trees were planted under the scheme of the Forestry Commissioners during the year ended September 30, 1928. Of these 45 per cent were Scots and Corsican pine, 34 per cent Norway and Sitka spruces, 10 per cent European and Japanese larches and 6 per cent Douglas fir. The net total area acquired in Great Britain up to that date was 434,471 acres, of which 275,912 were classified as plantable; 159,579 acres in England and Wales, and 116,343 acres in Scotland. Outlay per acre on labor and material on the area planted between 1918 and 1928 was, England and Wales, £2 9s 6d, Scotland, £3 14s 10, Great Britain, £2 17s.

During the year 120 fires occurred, the damage done being estimated at £2,874. Of the total number fifty-seven were caused by sparks from railway engines.

Building the World's Longest Bridge

THE Prince of Wales or one of his brothers will go to Australia in 1931 to open the new North Shore Bridge at Sydney Harbor, Australia. The picture shows an aerial view of the bridge under construction. It will be the longest in the world when completed. A series of strikes has hampered progress on the vast bridge, with its 1,600-foot span. The northern shores of Sydney harbor carry a huge population, and tens of thousands have to travel to and from the city daily by ferry, the water track separating these populous suburbs from the city. A mile or two of immense concrete approaches have been built on each side of the harbor, and apart from these the structure, which should be finished early in 1931, is costing $30,000,000. It is estimated that since the work began in 1925 strikes and consequent concessions have increased the cost by $1,500,000.

LAY STEALING TO CHAMPAGNE

Sobbing Durham Ladies Explain to Magistrate That Heady Refreshments Caused Moral Terpitude

REMANDED FOR HUBBIES' OPINIONS

Two women from the North on a holiday in London who went shoplifting after regaling themselves with champagne appeared at Marlborough Street police court.

They were Frances Browne, thirty-four, and Agnes Welburn, thirty, both married women, and the value of the property they lifted was £39 13s 11d. Both pleaded guilty. They were seen in a West End store to go from department to department stealing articles. One passed the articles along to the other, who took them and placed them in a shopping bag or in an attache case. Among the twenty articles taken were two coatees, three hats, two frocks and perfumery. Browne was found to have £1 10s 7d on her and Welburn £9 odd.

As both women were weeping bitterly Mr. Mead adjourned the case until the afternoon to enable them "to say what they had to say without sobbing."

When they were brought up again Browne said they had a bottle of champagne and some benedictine and she could not remember stealing. Even now her head was light.

Welburn said they went to an hotel and had lunch, with which they had a bottle of champagne, which they had never taken in their lives before, and then they had benedictine, which they had never taken before.

They were not responsible for what they did. They went to do some shopping, and this occurred. She was more than sorry.

"It is possible you had more wine than was good for you," said Mr. Mead, "but, judging from the evidence of the witness, I cannot come to the conclusion that you had so lost your reason when you went from point to point stealing that you were absolutely ignorant of what you were doing."

He added that he would remand the women in custody to find out their character and their means.

RETAIN TREASURES

Priceless Souvenirs of Past Secured for Nation by Liberality of Private Donors

Although England is still the happy hunting ground for antique collectors, there is no lack of evidence of a growing determination to preserve for posterity works of art which are far beyond merely minor historical importance, and may fairly be described as the rightful property of the nation. Within the past year or so a comprehensive collection of engravings of British sailing vessels, formerly in the possession of Capt. Macpherson, was saved from the foreign market, thanks to the public-spirited action of Sir James Caird and his associates in the shipping world, who between them subscribed a fund of over $500,000 and acquired these priceless souvenirs for presentation to an institute which will be known as the National Naval and Maritime Museum, to be located at the Queen's House, Greenwich. The museum will not, however, be opened to the public for more than four years. In the interim, this colossal collection has been publicly exhibited at the Guildhall and in Whitehall and other centres.

THRIFTY ANTIPODEANS

South Australia Sets Record for Land of Southern Cross in Amount of Savings Banked

Judging by the figures of the South Australian Savings Bank, inhabitants in that portion of the Empire are strongly imbued with the British characteristic of thrift. As high as 61.80 per cent of the population of South Australia have savings bank accounts, and total deposits for two weeks in June of this year amounted to £516,875. At the end of June last year the total funds of the bank were £23,538,184, and so successfully has the bank's money been invested that the trustees have been able to credit accounts with a higher rate of interest than any other savings bank in Australia.

FIND RICH MINES ON BATTLEFIELDS

Millions of Pounds of Copper, Steel and Lead Salvaged From War Areas

Farms about Arras that were battlefields are yielding a harvest of metal almost as valuable as their harvests of food.

Copper, lead and iron, shot by the cannon of all the armies, are gathered by a peacetime army of 5,000 men and women. Other thousands of boys and girls help out family budgets with their daily load of metal.

For ten years this has been going on and it probably will continue another five years. Every time a field is ploughed or harrowed more metal comes to the surface.

The Government theoretically owns all this but contractors have bought the right to it. There are crews of expert workers who pass from farm to farm, sometimes picking up the metal themselves and sometimes buying the heap already gathered by the farmer and his family.

A million pounds of copper and lead were found last year in one department. Of iron and steel there were seven times as much.

The enormous quantity of copper, thousands of tons, consists mostly of empty cartridges, an evidence of the millions and millions of shots fired by the armies that fought over this ground for more than four years.

Highlanders for China

The 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, stationed at Hamilton, Bermuda, and in Jamaica will leave for their new station in China late in September. The regiment will go by way of the Canal Zone. The Highlanders have been stationed in the West Indies for the last two years.

PRINCE FAVORS WALTZ

London Society Develops Strong Preference for Old-Time Swinging Rhythm

With memories of moonlight and roses, modern London society is firmly turning its back on the contortions of the latest one-step and reverting to the waltz. The smartest parties boast at least three or four waltzes in an evening's dance programme, and all the dancing crowd seems very well pleased. At a ball given recently by the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Londonderry House, with the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Helene Victoria, the Aga Khan and Winston Churchill among the guests, the waltz tunes surpassed all others in popularity. Perhaps the whispered preference of the Prince of Wales has something to do with society's adoption of the swinging rhythm. At any rate he is always among the first on the floor when a waltz is struck up.

FAMOUS FUND ADMINISTERED

Moneys Subscribed to King Edward's Horse Endowment Comes Before Court as to Disposal

TOTAL AMOUNTS TO ABOUT £25,000

In the Chancery Division last month, Mr. Justice Clauson was asked to decide what should be done with a sum of £25,000, the balance of money subscribed towards the "King Edward's Horse" endowment fund.

The question now was whether that money was to be returned to the subscribers or whether there was a general charitable intention for which a scheme would have to be framed.

Mr. Roger Turnbull, for the committee, said that King Edward's Horse was formed after the South African War, with the sanction of King Edward, under the name "The King's Colonial and Imperial Yeomanry," to commemorate the service of the Colonial troops during that war. Money was subscribed for an endowment fund, and in July, 1910, the name was changed to "King Edward's Horse."

During the Great War the regiment was used largely as an O.T.C., and being maintained at the Government expense, the fund was allowed to accumulate. The regiment was disbanded on March 31, 1924, and there remained in the hands of the committee about £25,000.

Mr. Justice Clauson held that there was a general charitable intention, and he directed that a scheme should be framed which should be administered by the Imperial Service College Trust.

A Capable Clock

A clock that tells, simultaneously, the time all over the world, was recently installed in the new subway station at Piccadilly Circus, London. Originally it had been planned to install separate clocks for each country using different time. This new timepiece is in the form of a map of the world with a band moving from east to west along the equator. On the band are marked the various hours.

GIANT GARDEN PARTY

Lord and Lady Hambledon Entertain 2,226 Employees of W. H. Smith & Co. at Reception

Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames, the country home of Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, was the scene of a notable gathering in the form of a garden party, the guests numbering 2,226, and consisting of the employees of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son with twenty-one years' service or more, together with their wives or women relatives. A fleet of twenty-seven motor coaches and two special trains were requisitioned to convey the parties from London. The motor coaches left the Strand just before 9.30, taking the Strand House staff and representatives from the near provinces, while the staff from further afield traveled by the special trains. The guests were served with lunch and tea, and spent the day wandering about the delightful grounds, and listening to the music provided by the Royal Artillery Band. At the special request of Lord Hambleden, the proceedings were purely informal, there being no ceremonies and no speeches.

Sunday Times Expects Big Cut In Naval Costs

UNDER the heading "Anglo-American Amity," the Conservative Sunday Times recently remarked it is significant that while Premier MacDonald is busy promoting good will between Britain and America, political opponents who are visiting America are voicing his views.

Winston Churchill's recent Canadian speech provided stimulating support for Mr. MacDonald's efforts and will be followed shortly by similar speeches of Lord Birkenhead, who hopes to visit America soon.

"Anglo-American amity is no sectional cry but a national creed," says The Times. "Behind the movement in America is the President, who secretly longs to lay the ghost of naval competition, and it is not indiscreet to say Mr. Hoover has vast plans up his sleeve, and means to signalise his term of office by promoting dramatic mutual disarmaments. It is believed here announcements are pending which should go far to reassure the promoters of world peace and silence the exploiters of supernational sentiment."

POOR RESPONSE MADE

Only $10,000 of $75,000 Needed for Ellen Terry Memorial Forthcoming

Organizers in London for the fund for acquisition and endowment as a permanent memorial of Smallhythe Place in Tenterden, Kent, where Ellen Terry spent most of the last twenty-five years of her life, declare the response thus far is poor in the $75,000 appeal. To date a total of about $10,000 has been received, including many small contributions from persons of small means. Smallhythe Place is a Tudor farm with a garden of great beauty and an Elizabethan barn which Miss Edith Craig, Miss Terry's daughter by adoption, has made into a theatre. The rooms in the house are kept as they were during the great actress' lifetime. One contains her fine theatrical library, many theatre relics and her costumes in the Lyceum productions.

WOULD SEPARATE HINDU AND MOSLEM

His Highness the Aga Khan Proposes Scheme of Different Spheres for Two Factions

A remarkable scheme having as its object the ending of communal disturbances in India, and credited to H. H. the Aga Khan, was briefly outlined to a committee which is inquiring into the serious disturbances in Bombay in February last.

The plan was unfolded by Mahomed Ali, who was giving evidence before the committee. He said it was proposed to divide India into separate Hindu and Moslem spheres, and one of its essentials was the conversion of about 70,000,000 of the depressed classes into the Hindu or Moslem communities equally.

Mahomed Ali said that the plan originated with H. H. Aga Khan, whose followers at Ahmedabad and elsewhere were already acting thereon, and converting men, women and children.

Ali said that he had discussed the subject with Ghandhi, who said "It is doing a religious thing in an irreligious way."

ETONIAN'S SUICIDE

Coroner's Jury Returns Verdict on Death of Vice-Provost of College

The mystery of the disappearance of Mr. Hugh Macnaghton, vice-provost of Eton College, has been solved. His body was found in a backwater of the Thames, a short distance from the Etonian Country Club, where he had been staying with his sister. At the inquest at Eton a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane was returned. Mr. Terence Charles Macnaghton stated that his brother was sixty-seven years of age and had not been in his usual health for more than a year. The coroner (Mr. A. E. W. Charsley): "He was suffering a great deal from depression, wasn't he?" "Yes," replied witness slowly. "The depression was due really to gout, which I think he had been trying to deal with in not taking sufficient nourishment."

THREATENS GUILDHALL

Historic London Building Has Second Narrow Escape From Flames

The Guildhall, ancient historic building in London, was threatened by fire recently, which broke out in a tower nearly 100 feet above ground. The fire was extinguished by the quick work of the Guildhall beadle. The exterior of the tower had been undergoing repairs for some months, and the scaffolding increased the fire hazard. Before the arrival of the fire department the beadle seized a fire extinguisher and quenched the flames. Many visitors in the Guildhall at the time were thus provided with an unexpected thrill. This is the second time the Guildhall has been threatened. Fire broke out once before in 1810, but was likewise put out before any damage was done.

SEE RECOVERY IN BRITAIN'S EXPORTATION

First Seven Months of Present Year Shows Increase in Foreign Shipments of Over $45,000,000

DEMAND FOR STEEL AND COAL GROWS

Pig Iron Output During Second Quarter of 1929 Totals Greater Than Any Year Since 1920

THE Federation of British Industries, which is the chief organization of manufacturers with headquarters in London, report that inability of French and Belgian iron and steel men to accept new business for prompt delivery and the consequent upward adjustment of prices on the Continent, have reacted favorably upon the position of those industries in Britain. The average monthly British output of steel for April, May and June totaled 828,000 tons, as against 800,000 for the first quarter of the year, while the average output of pig iron increased by nearly twelve per cent to 643,000 tons, which is higher than that for any year since 1920.

Since the beginning of the year the number of furnaces in blast has increased by twenty-five to 165.

Recent shipbuilding returns also are encouraging, but the Federation adds that the margin between work begun and launched has steadily diminished of late, so that, in the absence of a substantial inflow of new orders at an early date, a decrease in activity is to be looked for.

The months of April, May and June have witnessed only slight changes in the unemployment aggregate, the decline in the textile trades being offset by improvement in engineering, iron and steel, and building and its constituent trades.

June's big slump in overseas trade practically disappeared in July so far as exports were concerned. Compared with June imports rose by £2,053,296 and exports by £10,626,347, while compared with July of 1928 imports dropped by £1,937,163, whereas exports rose by £5,634,594.

It was principally in coal and articles wholly or mainly manufactured where last July's exports exceeded those of July, 1928. Coal advanced by £1,448,134, while increases in manufactured goods aggregated £3,994,606.

Imports this year to the end of July totalled £696,226,891, which is £2,489,161 less than for the similar period of last year, while exports rose by £9,144,939.

LONDON STENO HUNTS TREASURE

Aztec's Buried Gold "Worth King's Ransom" Lures Maiden to Wild Goose Chase

Gold buried before Columbus discovered America, priceless jewels and ancient filigree work reputed to be worth a king's ransom, are the objects of a treasure hunt undertaken by Gladys Nome, a London stenographer.

Some time within the next two years she hopes to return to England a rich woman, for in her possession is an old map, left to her by her sailor father, which she believes will enable her to discover the hiding place of untold wealth buried thousands of years ago by the Aztecs in Costa Rica.

"Ten years ago," said Miss Nome before she left, "my father, who was formerly a ship's captain, came home from Costa Rica and told us that an Indian, whose life he had saved, had given him a map purporting to show the position of the places in which the ancient Aztecs buried their gold.

"My father said he had made an attempt to locate the spot, but had been forced to give up the attempt because his money ran out. On his deathbed six months ago, he gave me the map and told me to use it if I wished.

"So, partly as a result of a recent windfall at the death of an uncle, I have now got $7,500, and I am setting off for South America with high hopes of finding the treasure."

EARL HAIG STATUE

Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., First Commissioner of Works, is examining the whole question of the much-criticised design for the national equestrian statue of Earl Haig. Further than this no statement is being made at present by the department. Mr. Hardiman, the sculptor, whose design was chosen, has gone to Scotland. It is possible that while there an interview may be arranged between him and Countess Haig. The London press continues to feature many columns of letters to the editor, nearly all condemning the proposed statue. Service and ex-service men are unanimous in their adverse criticisms.

April 25th, As Usual

By
EDNA FERBER

MRS Hosea C. Brewster always cleaned house in September and April. She started with the attic and worked her purifying path down to the cellar in strict accordance with Article I, Section 1, Unwritten Rules for Home Cleaning. For twenty-five years she had done it. For twenty-five years she had hated it—being an intelligent woman. For twenty-five years, towel swathed about her head, skirt pinned back, sleeves rolled up—the costume dedicated to house cleaning since the days of What's-Her-Name, mother of Lemuel (see Proverbs—) Mrs. Brewster had gone through the ceremony twice a year.

Furniture on the porch, woolens on the line, mattresses in the yard—everything that could be pounded, beaten, whisked, rubbed, flapped, shaken or aired was dragged out and subjected to one or all of these indignities. After which, completely cowed, they were dragged in again and set in their places. Year after year, in attic and in cellar, things had piled up higher and higher—useless things, sentimental things; things in trunks; things in chests; shelves full of things wrapped up in brown paper parcels.

Now don't gather from this that Mrs. Brewster was an ample, pie-baking, ginghamed old soul. Nor that Hosea C. Brewster was spectacled and slippered. Not at all. The Hosea C. Brewsters, of Winnebago, Wisconsin, were the people you've met on the veranda of the Moana Hotel at Honolulu, or at the top of Pike's Peak, or peering into the restless heart of Vesuvius. They were the prosperous Middle-Western type of citizen who runs down to Chicago to see the new plays and buy a hat, and to order a dozen Wedgwood salad plates at Field's. The Brewster house was honeycombed with sleeping porches and sun parlors and linen closets, and laundry chutes and vegetable bins and electric surprises as your well-to-do Middle-Western home is likely to be.

Home Too Large

THAT home had long ago grown too large for the two of them—physically, that is. But as the big frame house had expanded, so had they—in tolerance and understanding and humanness—until now, as you talked with them, you felt that there was room and to spare of sun-filled mental chambers, and shelves well stored with experience, and pantries and bins and closets for all your worries and confidences.

By noon of this particular September day—a blue-and-gold Wisconsin September day—Mrs. Brewster had reached that stage in the cleaning of the attic when it looked as if it would never be clean and orderly again. Taking into consideration Mis' Merz (Mrs. Merz by-the-day, you understand) and Gussie, the girl, and Fred, there was very little necessity for Mrs. Brewster's official house-cleaning uniform. She might have unpinned her skirt, unbound her head, rolled down her sleeves and left for the day, serene in the knowledge that no corner, no chandelier, no mirror, no curlicue so hidden, so high, so glittering, so ornate that it might hope to escape the rag or brush of one or the other of this relentless and expert crew.

The smell of soap and water, and cedar, and moth balls, and dust, and the ghost of a perfumery that Pinky used to use pervaded the hot attic. Mrs. Brewster, head and shoulders in a trunk, was trying not to listen and not to seem not to listen to Mis' Merz' recital of her husband's relations latest flagrancy.

"'Families is nix,' I says, 'I got my own fam'ly to look out fuh,' I says. Like that. 'Well,' s's he, 'w'en it comes to that,' s's he, 'I guess I got some—'" Punctuated by thumps, spatterings, swashings and much heavy breathing, so that the sound of light footsteps along the second-floor hallway, a young, clear voice calling, then the same footsteps, fleeter now, on the attic stairway, were quite unheard.

Mother and Daughter

PINKY'S arms were around her mother's neck and for one awful moment it looked as if both were to be decapitated by the trunk lid, so violent had been Mrs. Brewster's start of surprise.

"Pinky! Why—my baby! We didn't get your telegram. Did you—"

"No; I didn't. I just thought I—Don't look so dazed, mummy—You're all smudged, too—what in the world!" Pinky straightened her hat and looked about the attic. "Why, mother! You're—you're house cleaning!" There was a stunned sort of look on her face.

"Of course. This is September. But if I'd known you were coming—Come here to the window. Let mother see you. Is that the kind of hat they're—why, it's a Winter one, isn't it? Already! Dear me, I've just got used to the angle of my Summer one. You must telephone father."

Mis' Merz, damply calicoed, rose from a corner and came forward wiping a moist and parboiled hand on her skirt. "Ha' do, Pinky? Ain't forgot your old friends, have you?"

"It's Mrs. Merz!" Pinky put her cool, sweet fingers into the other woman's spongy clasp. "Why, hello, Mrs. Merz! Of course when there's house cleaning—I'd forgotten all about house cleaning—that there was such a thing, I mean."

"It's got to be done," replied Mis' Merz severely.

They smiled at each other then, the mother and daughter. They descended the winding attic stairs happily, talking very fast and interrupting each other.

Mrs. Brewster's skirt was still pinned up. Her hair was bound in the protecting towel. "You must telephone father. No, let's surprise him. You'll hate the dinner—built around Mis' Merz; you know, boiled. Well, you know what a despot she is."

Warm September

IT was hot for September, in Wisconsin. As they came out to the porch Pinky saw that there were tiny beads of moisture under her mother's eyes and about her chin. The sight infuriated her somehow. "Well, really, mother!"

"Now just what does that mean?" said Mrs. Brewster equably. "Take off your hat and coat, Pinky, but don't treat them that way—unless that's the way they're doing in New York."

Of course Pinky laughed then, and kissed her mother and hugged her hard. "It's just that it seems so idiotic—your digging around in an attic in this day and age! Why, it's—it's—" Pinky could express herself much more clearly in colors than in words. "There is no such thing as an attic. People don't clean them any more. I never realized before—this huge house. It has been wonderful to come back to, of course. But just you and dad." She stopped. She raised two young fists high in impotent anger. "Do you like cleaning the attic?"

"I've always done it, Pinky. And while they may not be wearing attics in New York, we haven't taken them off in Winnebago."

It was a cool and serene young daughter who greeted Hosea Brewster as he came limping up the porch stairs. He placed the flat of the foot down at each step, instead of heel and ball. It gave him a queer, hitching gait. The girl felt a sharp little constriction of her throat as she marked that rheumatic limp. "It's the beastly Wisconsin Winters," she told herself. Then, darting out at him from the corner where she had been hiding: "S'prise! S'prise!"

Father and Daughter

HIS plump, blond face, flushed with the unwonted heat, went darkly red. He dropped his hat. His arms gathered her in. Her fresh young cheek was pressed against his dear, prickly one. So they stood for a long minute—close.

"Need a shave, dad."

"Well, gosh, how did I know my best girl was coming!" He held her off. "What's the matter, Pink? Don't they like your covers any more?"

"Not a thing, Hosey. Don't get fresh. They're redecorating my studio—you know—plasterers and stuff. I couldn't work. And I was lonesome for you."

Mrs. Brewster's light footstep sounded in the hall. She wore an all-enveloping gingham apron. "How did you like your surprise, father?" She came over to him and kissed the top of his head. "I'm getting dinner so that Gussie can go on with the attic. Everything's ready if you want to come in. I didn't want to dish up until you were at the table, so's everything would be hot." She threw a laughing glance at Pinky.

But when they were seated, there appeared a platter of cold thinly sliced ham for Pinky, and a crisp salad, and a featherweight cheese souffle, and iced tea, and a desert coolly capped with whipped cream.

"But, mother, you shouldn't have—" feebly.

"There are always a lot of things in the house. You know that. I just wanted to tease you."

Father Brewster lingered for an unwonted hour you after the midday meal. But two o'clock found him back at the cold-storage plant. Pinky watched him go, a speculative look in her eyes.

Soap and Sunshine

SHE visited the attic that afternoon at four, when it was again neat, clean, orderly, smelling of soap and sunshine. Standing there in the centre of the big room, freshly napped, smartly coiffed, trim, the very concentrated essence of modernity, she eyed with stern deliberation the trunks; the chests; the boxes all shelved and neatly inscribed with their "H's Fshg Tckl" and "Bik Nt Drs."

"Barbaric!" she said aloud, though she stood there alone. "Medieval! Mad! It has got to be stopped. Slavery!" After which she went downstairs and picked golden glow for the living-room vases and scarlet salvia for the bowl in the dining-room.

Still, as one saw Mrs. Brewster's tired droop at supper that night, there is no denying that there seemed some justification for Pinky's volcanic remarks.

Hosea Brewster announced, after supper, that he and Fred were going to have a session with the furnace, she needed going over in September before they began firing up for the Winter.

"I'll go down with you," said Pinky.

And though she did not descend to the cellar until the overhauling process was nearly completed she did come down in time for the last of the scene. She perched at the foot of the stairs and watched the two men, overalled, sooty, tobacco-wreathed and happy. When, finally, Hosea Brewster knocked the ashes out of his stubby black pipe, dusted his sooty hands together briskly and began to peel his overalls, Pinky came forward.

She put her hand on his arm. "Dad, I want to talk to you."

"Careful there. Better not touch me. I'm all dirt. G'night, Fred."

"Listen, dad. Mother isn't well."

Father's Surprise

HE stopped then, with one overall leg off and the other on, and looked at her. "Huh?" What d'you mean—isn't well? Mother." His mouth was open. His eyes looked suddenly strained.

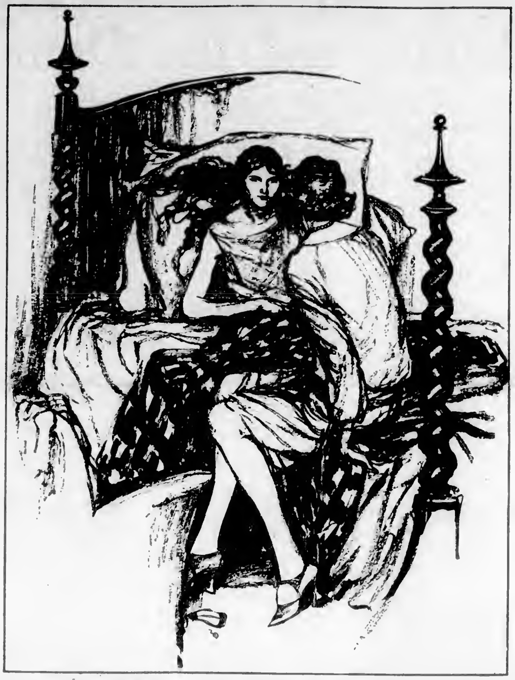
"This house—it's killing her. She could hardly keep her eyes open at supper. It's too much for her. She ought to be enjoying herself—like other women. She's a slave to the attic and all those huge rooms. And you're another."

"Me?" feebly.

"Yes. A slave to this furnace. You said yourself to Fred, just now, that it was all worn out, and needed new pipes or something—I don't know what. And that coal was so high it would be cheaper using dollar bills for fuel. Oh, I know you were just being funny. But it was partly true. Wasn't it? Wasn't it?"

"Yes, but listen here, Paula." He never called her Paula unless he was terribly disturbed. "About mother—you said—"

"You and she ought to go away this Winter—not just for a trip, but to stay. You—" she drew a long breath and made the plunge—"you ought to give up the house."



Slow Steps Ascending the Stairs—the Two Women Listened in Silence.

"Give up—"

"Permanently. Mother and you are buried alive here. You ought to come to New York to live. Both of you will love it when you are there for a few days. I don't mean to come to a hotel. I mean to take a little apartment, a furnished apartment at first to see how you like it—two rooms and kitchenette, like a playhouse."

Hosey Brewster looked down at his own big bulk. Then around the great furnace room. "Oh, but listen—"

"No, I want you to listen first. Mother's worn out, I tell you. It isn't as if she were the old-fashioned kind; she isn't. She loves the theatres, and pretty hats, and shoes with buckles, and lobster, and concerts."

He did not even deny it. He seemed suddenly old. Pinky's heart smote her a little. "It's just that you've got so used to this great barracks you don't know how unhappy it's making you. Why, mother said today that she hated it. I asked about the attic—the cleaning and all—and she said she hated it."

He dusted his hands together, slowly, spritelessly. His eyes looked pained and dull. "She did, h'm? You say she did?" He was talking to himself, and thinking, thinking.

A Tired Mother

PINKY, sensing victory, left him. She ran lightly up the cellar stairs, through the first-floor rooms and up to the second floor. Her mother's bedroom door was open.

A little mauve lamp shed its glow upon the tired woman in one of the plump, grey-enamel beds. "No, I'm not sleeping. Come here, dear. What in the world have you been doing in the cellar all this time?"

"Talking to dad." She came over and perched herself on the side of the bed. Mrs. Brewster looked incredibly girlish with the lamp's rosy glow on her face and her hair, warmly brown and profuse, rippling out over the pillow. Scarcely a thread of grey in it. "You know, mother, I think dad isn't well. He ought to go away."

As if by magic the youth and glow faded out of the face on the pillow. "What do you mean, Pinky? Father—but he isn't sick. He—"

"Not sick. I don't mean sick exactly. But sort of worn out. That furnace. He's sick and tired of the thing, that's what he said to Fred. He needs a change. He ought to retire and enjoy life. He could. This house is killing both of you. Why in the world don't you close it up, or sell it, and come to New York?"

"But we do. We did. Last Winter—"

"I don't mean just for a little trip. I mean to live. Take a little two-room apartment in one of the new buildings—near my studio—and relax. Enjoy yourselves. Meet men and women. Live! You're in a rut—both of you. Besides, dad needs it. That rheumatism of his, with these Wisconsin Winters—"

Slow steps ascending the stairs—heavy, painful steps. The two women listened in silence. Every footfall seemed to emphasize Pinky's words.

Pinky Leaves

THREE days later Pinky left. She waved a good-bye from the car platform, a radiant, electric, confident Pinky, her work well done.

"Au 'voir! The first of November! Everything begins then. You'll love it. You'll be real New Yorkers by Christmas. Now, no changing your minds, remember."

And by Christmas, somehow, miraculously, there they were, real New Yorkers; or as real and as New York as anyone can be who is living in a studio apartment (duplex) that has been rented (furnished) from a lady who turned out to be from Des Moines.

Pinky had dinner with them the first night, and they laughed a great deal, what with one thing and another. After Pinky left there came upon them, in that cosy, little, two-room apartment, a feeling of desolation and vastness, and a terrible loneliness such as they had never dreamed of in the great twelve-room house in Winnebago.

They lay very still in the little stuffy, rose-colored room, and the street noises of New York came up to them—a loose chain flapping against the mud guard of a taxi; the jolt of a flat-wheeled Eighth Avenue street car; the roar of an L train; laughter; the bleat of a motor horn; a piano in the apartment next door, or upstairs, or down.

She thought, as she lay there, choking, of the great gracious grey-and-blue room at home, many windowed, sweet-smelling, quiet. Quiet!

He thought, as he lay there, choking, of the gracious grey-blue room at home, many windowed, sweet-smelling, quiet. Quiet!

Next Morning

THEY awoke next morning unrefreshed. Pa Brewster, back home in Winnebago, always whistled mournfully, off key, when he shaved. The more doleful his tune the happier his wife knew him to be.

In the months of their gay life in Sixty-Seventh Street, Hosey Brewster never once sang "Dying Cowboy's Lament," nor whistled "In the Sweet By-and-By." No; he whistled not at all, or when he did, gay bits of jazz heard at the theatre or in a restaurant the night before. He deceived no one, least of all himself.

They saw Pinky less frequently as time went on and her feeling of responsibility lessened. Besides, the magazine covers took most of her day. She gave a tea for her father and mother at her own studio, and Mrs. Brewster's hat, slippers, gown and manner equalled in line, style, cut and texture those of any other woman present, which rather surprised her until she had talked to five or six of them.

She and Hosey drifted together and compared notes.

"Say, Milly," he confided, "they're all from Wisconsin—or approximately; Michigan and Minnesota, and Iowa, and around. Far's I can make out there's only one New Yorker, really, in the whole caboodle of 'em."

"Which one?"

"That kind of plain little one over there—sensible looking, with the blue suit. I was talking to her. She was born right here in New York, but she doesn't live here—that is, not in the city. Lives in some place in the country, in a house."

A sort of look came into Mrs. Brewster's eyes. "Is that so? I'd like to talk to her, Hosey. Take me over."

She did talk to the little woman in the plain blue suit. And the quiet little woman said "Oh, dear, yes!" she ignored her r's fascinatingly, as New Yorkers do. "We live in Connecticut. You see, you Wisconsin people have crowded us out of New York; no breathing space. Besides, how can one live here? I mean to say—live. And then the children—it's no place for children, grown up or otherwise. I love it—oh, yes, indeed. I love it. But it's too difficult."

This was the first woman that Mrs. Brewster had talked to—really talked to—since leaving Winnebago. And she liked women. She missed them. At first she had eyed wonderingly, speculatively, the women she saw on Fifth Avenue. Swathed luxuriously in precious pelts, marvelously coiffed and hatted, wearing the frailest of boots and hose, exhaling a mysterious, heavy scent, they were more like strange exotic birds than women.

Friendly Doorman

PA Brewster had taken to conversation with the doorman. That adamantine individual, unaccustomed to being addressed as a human being, was startled at first, surly and distrustful. But he mellowed under Hosey's simple and friendly advances.

"I guess you ain't a New Yorker, huh?" Mike said.

"Me? No."

"Th' most of the folks in th' buildin' ain't."

"Ain't!" Hosey Brewster was startled into it. "They're artists, aren't they? Most of 'em?"

"No! Out-of-town folks, like you. West, East an' Californy, an' around there. Livin' here, though. Seems t' like it better'n where they come from. I dunno."

Hosey Brewster took to eyeing them as Mrs. Brewster had eyed the women. He wondered about them, these tight, trim men, rather short of breath, buttoned so snugly into their shining shoes and their tailored clothes, with their necks bulging in a fold of fat above the back of their white linen collar. He knew that he would never be like them. It wasn't his square-toe shoes that made the difference, or his grey hat, or his baggy trousers. It was something inside him—something he lacked, he thought. It never occurred to him that it was something he possessed that they did not.

His ruddy color began to fade. He took to haunting department store kitchenware sections. He would come home with a new kind of cream whipper, or a patent device for the bathroom. He would tinker happily with this, driving a nail, adjusting a screw. At such times he was even known to begin to whistle some scrap of a doleful tune such as he used to hum. But he would change, quickly to something lively. The price of butter, eggs, milk, cream and the like horrified his Wisconsin cold-storage sensibilities. He used often to go down to Fulton Market before daylight and walked about among the stalls and shops, piled with tons of food of all kinds. He would talk to the marketmen, and the buyers and the grocers, and come away feeling almost happy for a time.

A Shock

THEN, one day, with a sort of shock, he remembered a farmer he had known back home in Winnebago. He knew the farmers for miles around, naturally, in his business. For his family's sake he had moved into town, a ruddy rufus-bearded, clumping fellow, intelligent, kindly. They had sold the farm with a fine profit and had taken a boxlike house on Franklin Street. He had nothing to do but enjoy himself. You saw him out on the porch early, very early Summer mornings.

You saw him ambling about the yard, poking at a weed here, a plant there. A terrible loneliness was upon him; a loneliness for the soil he had deserted. And slowly, resistlessly, the soil pulled at him with its black strength and its green tendrils, down, down, until he ceased to struggle and lay there clasped gently to her breast, the mistress he had thought to desert and who had him again at last, and forever.

"I don't know what ailed him," his widow had said, weeping. "He just seemed to kind of pine away."

An April Morning

IT was one morning in April—one soft, golden April Morning—when this memory had struck Hosey Brewster. He had been down at Fulton Market. Something about the place—the dewy fresh vegetables, the crates of eggs, the butter, the cheese—had brought such a surge of homesickness to him as to amount to an actual nausea. Riding uptown in the subway he had caught a glimpse of himself in a slot-machine mirror. His face was pale and somehow shrunken. He looked at his hands. The skin hung loose where the little pads of fat had plumped them out.

He thought, then, of the red-faced farmer who used to come clumping into the cold-storage warehouse in his big boots and his buffalo coat. A great fear swept over him and left him weak and sick.

The chill grandeur of the studio-building foyer stabbed him. The glittering lift made him dizzy, somehow, this morning. He shouldn't have gone out without some breakfast, perhaps. He walked down the flagged corridor softly; turned the key ever so cautiously. She might still be sleeping. He turned the knob, gently; tiptoed in and, turning, fell over a heavy wooden object that lay directly in his path in the dim little hall.

A barked shin. A good round oath.

"Hosey! What's the matter? What—" She came running to him. She led him into the bright front room.

"What was that thing? A box or something, right there in front of the door. What the—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Hosey. You sometimes have breakfast downtown. I didn't know—"

Huddled Furniture

SOMETHING in her voice—he stopped rubbing the injured skin to look up at her. Then he straightened slowly, his mouth ludicrously open. Her head was bound in a white towel. Her skirt was pinned back. Her sleeves were rolled up. Chairs, tables, rugs, ornaments were huddled in a promiscuous heap. Mrs. Hosea C. Brewster was cleaning house.

"Milly!" he began, sternly. "And that's just the thing you came here to get away from. If Pinky—"

Truth—blinding, white-hot truth—burst in upon him. "Mother," he said—and he stood up, suddenly robust, virile, alert—"mother, let's go home."

Mechanically she began to unpin the looped-back skirt.

"When?"

"Now."

"But, Hosey! Pinky — this flat — until June—"

"Now! Unless you want to stay. Unless you like it here in this—this make-believe, double-barreled, duplex do-funny of a studio thing. Let's go home, mother. Let's go home—and breathe."

In Wisconsin you are likely to find snow in April—snow or slush. The Brewsters found both. Yet on their way up from the station in 'Gene Buck's flivver taxi, they beamed out at it as if it were a carpet of daisies.

At the corner of Elm and Jackson Street Hosey Brewster stuck his head out of the window. "Stop here a minute, will you, 'Gene?"

They stopped in front of Hengel's meat market, and Hosey went in. Mrs. Brewster leaned back without comment.

Inside the shop. "Well, I see you're back from the East," said Aug. Hengel.

"Yep."

"We thought you'd given us the go-by, you stayed away so long."

"No, sir-ree! Say, Aug, give me that piece of bacon—the big piece. And send me up some corned beef tomorrow, for corned beef and cabbage. I'll take a steak along for tonight. Oh, about four pounds. That's right."

A Contrast

IT seemed to him that nothing less than a side of beef could take out of his mouth the taste of those fiddling little lamb chops

(Continued on Next Page)

Typographic Parliament in Annual Session

Delegates to Union Printers' Convention Visit Victoria Today

By J. A. SKELLERN

TODAY is "Canada Day," and members of the "Printers' Parliament," ex-members, wives and friends, to the number of one thousand, will give this city of ours the once-over. Delegates to the seventy-fourth annual convention of the International Typographical Union will hold sessions in Seattle this week, and will, incidentally, enjoy the salubriety and grandeur of the Pacific Northwest. This visit to Victoria is, therefore, somewhat in the nature of a cocktail—and a good cocktail is half the repast! This will, indeed, be the only full day of relaxation the delegates will enjoy, for during convention week amusement and sight-seeing are secondary to business. Industrial problems will be considered, the organization's laws will come under review, and the extensive beneficiary activities under its control will occupy the serious attention of the gathering in Seattle.

This visit may mean much to Victoria. By virtue of his business the printer as a rule is a keen observer, with the capacity for assimilating and disseminating knowledge and news somewhat after the manner of his journalistic colleagues. Every State in the Union and every Province in the Dominion will have one or many representatives.

Seattle enjoys the distinction of being the first I.T.U. convention city in the history of the Pacific Northwest only after a long and arduous struggle, with Milwaukee and Kansas City as its opponents, even ex-Mayor Pendray and George I. Warren doing their bit, at the instance of the Victoria local. The latter then won in the tilt with Vancouver for the honor of a visit when Seattle allotted a day for Canada in the convention visit.

Huge Delegation

BUT it takes cold cash, and plenty, to have huge delegations "drop in" even for an afternoon and evening. A hundred and one ways and means, however, provided the forty-five-year-old local union of 115 members with the "sinews." During that campaign a "victim" inquired of a winsome helper, "What's the Typographical Union, anyway?" "Oh," replied the sylph in stockings, "I think it has something to do with the stenographers!"

The world knows much of the product of the printer's art in all its ramifications and little of himself and of his organization, which has for more than three-quarters of a century been a leading force in social and industrial progress on this continent.

The I.T.U. is an outstanding example of what intensive co-operative effort may accomplish. Though printers' societies of a temporary nature existed in Colonial American times, no record of permanent bodies is known, the Typographical Society of New York City being apparently the first, followed four years later, in 1799, by the Franklin Society. In 1802 the Philadelphia Typographical Society came into being, and this latter is still in existence as the oldest organization of the craft, though now purely a benevolent association.

Independent effort left much to be desired, and the consolidation of the many local bodies which had sprung up in later years was accomplished in 1836, with the first national convention, and it was but a step to the realization of the dream of an international organization, which was effected in 1869.

Primary Objects

WHILE from their earliest inception printers' societies have had as their primary objects the amelioration of working conditions and the receipt of adequate wages, it was inevitable that, with the success attained industrially by the powerful organization thus created, the co-operation idea should be broadened and the fraternal elements developed.

The spirit of brotherhood which prompted the donation of $83.50 to the New York Franklin Society by the Philadelphia printers, "for the relief of such printers as might be suffering from the ravages of yellow fever" in the epidemic of 1803, was the same as made possible the foundation and maintenance of the magnificent Union Printers' Home, old age pensions, mortuary benefits, etc.

It will doubtless be a matter for surprise to many to learn that ninety per cent of members' dues and assessments are devoted to fraternal activities, and that more money comes into Victoria than goes out to International headquarters at Indianapolis.

$11,000,000 in Pensions

THE eighty thousand men and women printers who compose this craft-brotherhood have, in twenty years, paid nearly $11,000,000 in pensions for their aged brothers, and with nearly 3,000 pensioners, of whom ninety-two are women, at present on the list, there is an annual expenditure of over $1,200,000. Victoria local has nine pensioner members.

The establishment of the Union Printers' Home, in thirty-eight years, has cost in establishment and maintenance, nearly $5,000,000. It accommodates approximately 300 printers, in declining age or incapacitated by disease, and it costs close to $1,000 per day to maintain.

The Union Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, Col., Established and Maintained by the International Typographical Union for Sick and Infirm Members

MR. WOODRUFF RANDOLPH
Secretary-Treasurer of the I.T.U., succeeding Mr. J. W. Haye, who held that office for nineteen years

Six and a half million dollars has been paid to beneficiaries of deceased members since the graduated mortuary benefit plan came into existence. Period of membership determines the amount paid, with a maximum of $500.

The International Typographical Union was the first organization to wage an intensive fight against tuberculosis, the "great white scorge," ever the printer's deadly foe. Not very far back in the "good old days" the average life span of the printer was only twenty-seven years! Recent statistics give him a life expectancy of fifty-eight. The establishment of reasonable hours of labor and the improvement of working conditions were of untold value in the struggle.

Union Printers' Home

THE Union Printers' Home is considered by many to be one of the world's greatest humanitarian ventures. Situated on an eminence overlooking the city of Colorado Springs, Col., at a height of 6,000 feet above sea level, the atmosphere is light and dry, with an abundance of clear weather and brilliant sunshine, and is particularly favorable to the tuberculosis sufferer. The treatment received at the home by such patients has been singularly successful, and the methods were, a few years ago, described by the United States Department of Health officials as the finest yet evolved. The tuberculosis sanatorium and tents are situated some distance from the main building, which is used for patients of a general nature and the aged, while for the more strictly hospital cases there is a large hospital annex, and a pavilion for female residents. A permanent medical staff, with additional consulting talent, together with a corps of nurses and general help, are employed. Amusements range from billiards to croquet and from movies (with orchestra) to high-class musical entertainments. The library holds 11,000 volumes, in addition to a huge selection of newspapers and magazines.

MR. CHARLES P. HOWARD
President of the I.T.U., who is in his third successive year of office, and his fifth year all told. Mr. Howard is a Westerner, joining the organization at Tacoma

A herd of 138 thoroughbred Holsteins and 1,000 head of poultry give of their best, and the farm and garden supply most of the needs of the inmates.

It may truly be said that in each and every one of its many departments the methods employed represent the last word in completeness and efficiency.

Story of Inception

THE foundation of a "home for sick and indigent printers" had been in the air since 1875, but the matter had been repeatedly discussed and shelved as impracticable. Of the actual launching of the fund for the projected institution, a veteran printer of this city said recently:

"I doubt if many printers know the true story. In 1886, as the result of an informal talk with the then president of the union (M. R. H. Witter), George W. Childs, wealthy publisher of The Philadelphia Ledger, offered $10,000 to start a fund. A. J. Drexel, a close personal friend of Mr. Childs, covered that sum. On Mr. Childs' birthday, every printer east of the Mississippi donated the price of 1,000 ems' work, and on Mr. Drexel's birthday every printer west of the Mississippi followed suit."

With the deeding of eighty acres of land at Colorado Springs, Col., by that city, and a fund now of adequate dimensions, construction of a $60,000 building was commenced in 1890, and two years later the home was dedicated for service. In the intervening years many additions and alterations have been made to the original structure, and its scope of service continually increased.

Maintain High Standard

PURELY with the object of maintaining the highest standards within the craft, the organization has expended the sum of $307,000 over a period of twenty-two years in the education of its apprentices, who must be physically, mentally and morally fit, and a high grade education is demanded. During the apprenticeship period of five years the learner's progress is noted by a committee of seasoned printers. He is required, in addition to his daily work, to complete a comprehensive course of lessons dealing with the trade in its several branches, this activity being under the control of the Bureau of Education. Thus from his apprenticeship "cradle" to his death, the printer remains under the protecting wing of his great organization. He is now assured a greater measure of health, happiness and longevity, all of which has been made possible only through the co-operative genius of the members, whose brains and pay envelopes have provided the wherewithal.

Able Officers

INTELLIGENT leadership; sane, progressive industrial policies and efficient administration have been the rule. In its choice of officers, among whom have been many Canadians, the membership has been singularly fortunate, and many of them have advanced to higher positions in the industrial and financial world. One recent tribute to its work has been the selection of ex-President Lynch to the commission which will consider the application of old age pensions to the needs of New York State, at the instance of Governor Roosevelt. Charles P. Howard, the present head of the I.T.U., it is understood, has more than once had flattering offers to take up more renumerative activity in great corporations. Woodruff Randolph, who succeeded J. W. Haye as secretary-treasurer last year, shows every promise of achieving great things.

The printer's contribution to the world has been great individually, however, as well as co-operatively—in politics, literature and the arts. One presidential election in the United States was fought between two of them, the late President Harding and Governor Cox, of Ohio, and that great republic has had a formidable array of printer Congressmen and Senators. From the ranks of the craft the Dominion has drawn many of its political lights and at least one Premier. Great Britain's Cabinet Minister Food Controller during the war years was a former typesetter; as was also Mussolini, Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley and Bret Harte, and a host of others high in the literary past and present practiced the ancient art.

MR. JAMES M. LYNCH
An ex-President of the I.T.U., who was head of the organization for fifteen years, thirteen years continuously

World-Wide Hunt for Czar's Vast Riches

IN an effort to recoup losses suffered since the toppling of the Czarist Government and the murder of Nicholas II eleven years ago, Dowager Czarina Marie Feodorovna and thirty-two other members of the Romanoff family now living in various capitals of Europe, have begun a contest for the riches of the Czar which have not fallen into Soviet hands.

Just how much this fortune amounts to no one knows. It is scattered all over the globe, and although some of it was invested or held in trust in the Czar's name, a large portion of it is believed to have been secreted during the war period to avoid discovery by the Czar's enemies.

Estimates as high as $1,000,000,000 have been placed on the total of these scattered assets. They are said to amount to more than $100,000,000 in the United States alone. Although representatives of Soviet Russia say this claim is "hardly worthy of consideration," counsel for the Romanoffs has called upon all banks, trust companies and other corporations "to render an account of any funds and other assets belonging to the late Czar's estate." Steps are now under way to claim $5,000,000 in the Guaranty Trust Company and $1,000,000 in the National City Bank of New York which have been on deposit since the overthrow of the Czar.

The Romanoffs, pointing to the exodus of Czarist wealth from Russia during the crucial war days, hold there is ample justification for their estimates of Czarist riches in foreign lands. Before the historic day in August, 1914, the proud monarch of Russia was undoubtedly the richest man in the world. His wealth eclipsed that of Rockefeller, Morgan, Henry Ford and the Rothschilds combined.

Czar Nicholas was no mere multi-millionaire. No one has ever known how much his wealth amounted to. His income is said to have been $1,000,000 a day and it has been roughly guessed that his capital must have been between $10,000,000,000 and $30,000,000,000. As head of the church he owned all church property of the realm, besides holding in his own name 150,000,000 acres of land, including some of the most magnificent timber forests and richest mines in the world. In his hundred palaces and royal residences more than 30,000 servants, some 800 automobiles and 6,000 horses were at his command.

Czar Nicholas had accumulated the largest gold reserve in existence, amounting to more than $1,000,000,000 in bullion and gold coin, at the outbreak of the World War. Today this vast treasure-trove has been dissipated to the four corners of the earth.

During the war much of this reserve, augmented by the private wealth of other members of the Romanoff family and new gold from the Czar's mines, was secretly transferred to foreign capitals. Two British warships, dropping anchor in the waters of the Arctic Ocean near Archangel early in the war years, met Russian lighters heavily laden with a precious cargo. When the British ships departed they had on board the first shipment of the Czar's gold amounting to many millions of dollars.

Numerous other shipments went by other routes to Vladivostok, to Japan, to Sweden, to the Bank of England, to Paris, Canada and the United States. About the same time $2,700,000,000 was placed to the credit of the Russian Government in Great Britain for the purchase of war materials. A bitter controversy still rages over these deposits, Russia's creditors claiming they were security for loans to Russia. The Soviet authorities, who are anxious to obtain possession of the money, say the funds are part of the Czarist gold reserve, to be returned to Russia after the war. The Romanoffs, too, have vainly endeavored to justify a claim on the ground that the funds were held in trust for the Czar and should now pass on to his family.

There were about $700,000,000 in the Czar's gold reserve in Moscow when, about 2 o'clock on the night of November 6, 1917, the guards stationed in the Imperial Bank Building heard an automobile truck rumble up to the door. A score of Red Guards, the militia of the new military revolutionary committee, jumped out.

Walking up to the captain of the guard, their commander said, quietly:

"We are taking possession in the name of the people."

And without any fuss or resistance the Soviets thus took over the Czar's gold. But they obtained more than the gold metal in the Czar's Imperial Bank, the vast landed domains and the rich mines. The almost priceless collection of marvelous jewels of the Romanoffs, which have been the subject of such highly colorful stories, also fell into their hands.

The most noteworthy article in the collection is probably the Czar's crown, which is valued at about $75,000,000. This unusual bit of headgear weighs about five pounds in gold and gems. There are in it 32,000 carats of diamonds, including fifty very large diamonds. Above the body of the crown rises the famous Balai ruby, weighing 380 carats, which came from Peking in the seventeenth century.

Then there is the famous Orloff diamond set in the sceptre of Catherine the Great, a golden rod nearly a yard long. This magnificent blue-white diamond of 200 carats was stolen by a French soldier from the eye of an idol in a Brahmin temple, was in turn stolen by a ship's captain and purchased in 1722 by Prince Orloff as a present for Catherine II. It is said that the Orloff diamond is really the "Grand Mogul," which disappear one day from Delhi and was never heard of afterward. The Soviet Government would like to sell it—if it can find anyone willing to pay the $11,000,000 at which it is valued.

A most historic gem, the Shah diamond, is also in the famous Czarist collection. It is an inch and a quarter long and is marked with Arab inscriptions which date back to the year 1000.

A valuable bauble in the shape of a gold ball six inches in diameter, crested with a sapphire of 100 carats and surrounded by large diamonds, the diadem of the Dowager Empress set with a double row of pearls the size of a robin's egg, a necklace of gold and platinum on which are set eleven emeralds, each an inch long, which are without peer in the world, and a small mirror the size of a wrist watch, cut out of a single diamond, are among the other treasures in this fabulous collection.

Canadian Buffalo Herd In Yukon Fleeing From Wolves

GREY timber wolves are forcing a portion of Canada's buffalo herd gradually toward Alaska territory and they may some day enter the lower Yukon River Valley to elude the killers, says a dispatch from Fairbanks. Of more than 10,000 buffalo moved into game preserves from the surplus at Wainwright National Park in Alberta, not half that number are living now, due to the ravages of wolves, trappers report.

A Few Words From His O.C. and "Language" Flowed

COLONEL Hamilton Gault, organiser and commander of the Princess Pats, was ever a favorite with his men. Perhaps that is why he knows no fear in recounting against himself a tale of a hard-bitten sergeant in a London, England, hospital during the early days of the war.

On a short and hard-earned leave, Major Gault, as he then ranked, paid a visit to this institution, knowing that some of his men were housed therein, and was grieved to be informed that one of them, a certain Sargeant Jones, had been given up by the doctors after a ceaseless struggle of several months.

"He won't know yer, sir," said the orderly who escorted the visitor.

"He don't know no one—not even his wife. If he'd on'y catch on to himself an' know where he is they say he'd have a chanst, but we can't git a move out o' him."

"Poor fellow . . . Poor fellow . . ."

The officer was genuinely distressed as, standing at the foot of the bed, he looked down at the wandering, unseeing eyes of the sick man.

He bent over the sufferer.

"What's this, Jones?" he rallied him.

"Don't you know me? What do you mean by not saluting an officer?"

The fever bright eyes wavered a moment longer; then they fixed themselves upon the face above him.

"You . . . ?" he observed.

In a twinkling the ward was still, for every man was aware of the sergeant's state. Was he going to recover consciousness at last?

"You . . ."

The army was a very mint of expletives, and this man had a sample of every coin.

The stillness of the ward was galvanised. The nurse turned pale. Colonel Gault's jaw dropped in dismay.

It must have been twenty seconds before the flow ceased, then the voice of the orderly pierced the silence.

"Blimey!" he breathed.

"That's the first intelligent thing I've heard him say."

And the best of the story is Sergeant Jones got well.

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee,
A clover any time to him
Is aristocracy.—Emily Dickinson.

April 25th, As Usual

Continued From Preceding Page

and the restaurant fare of the past six months.

All through the Winter Fred had kept up a little heat in the house, with an eye to frozen water pipes. But there was a chill upon the place as they opened the door now. It was late afternoon. The house was very still, with the stillness of a dwelling that has long been uninhabited. The two stood there a moment, peering into the darkened rooms. Then Hosea Brewster strode forward, jerked up this curtain, that curtain with a sharp snap flat! He stamped his feet to rid them of slush. He took his hat and threw it high in the air and opened his arms wide and emitted a whoop of sheer joy and relief.

"Welcome home! Home!"

They did little talking after that. By five o'clock he was down in the cellar. She heard him making a great sound of rattling and bumping and shaking and pounding and shoveling. She smelled the acrid odor of his stubby black pipe.

Hosey!"—from the top of the cellar stairs. "Hosey, bring up a can of preserves when you come."

"What?"

"Can of preserves."

"What kind?"

"Any kind you like."

"Can I have two kinds?"

He brought up quince marmalade and her choicest damson plums. He put them down on the kitchen table and looked around, spatting his hands together briskly to rid them of dust. "She's burning pretty good now. That Fred! Don't any more know how to handle a boiler than a baby does. Is the house getting warmer?"

The Best Dishes

HE clumped into the dining-room, through the butler's pantry, but he was back again in a wink, his eyes round. "Why, say, mother! You've got out the best dishes, and the silver, and the candles and all. And the tablecloth with the do-dads on it. Why—"

"I know it." She opened the oven door, took out a pan of biscuits and slid it deftly to one side. "It seems as if I can't spread enough. I'm going to use the biggest platters, and I've put two extra boards in the table. It's big enough to seat ten. I want everything big, somehow. I've cooked enough potatoes for a regiment, and I know it's wasteful, and I don't care. I'll eat in my kitchen apron, if you'll keep on your overalls. Come on."

He cut into the steak—a great thick slice. He knew she could never eat it. But she did eat it all, ecstatically. And in a sort of ecstatic Nirvana the quiet and vastness and peace of the big old frame house settled down upon them.

The telephone in the hall rang startlingly, unexpectedly.

"Let me go, Milly."

"But who in the world! Nobody knows we're—"

He was at the telephone. "Who? Who? Oh." He turned. "It's Mis' Merz. She says her little Minnie went by at six and saw a light in the house. She— Hello! What? . . . She says she wants to know if she's to save time for you at the end of the month for the April cleaning."

Mrs. Brewster took the receiver from him. "The twenty-fifth, as usual, Mis' Merz. The twenty-fifth, as usual. The attic must be a sight."

The Power of Music

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.
—Shakespeare.

Boy—Say, mother, this book says that in the ocean the big fish eat up the little sardines. Is that true?

Mother—Yes, I believe it is.

Boy—How do they open the cans?

Judge—"You complain that the traffic cop told you to go to the devil, that you were a pie-faced idiot, a jay driver, a blankety-blank son of a wooden-legged cockroach and a fool? What happened then?"

Timid One—"He became abusive."

Marion—Bill proposed to me last night.

Helen—Isn't he clumsy at it?

The Fugitive of Adelphi Terrace

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Illustrated by Rex Maxon

A Situation So Desperate, a Hunted, Pitiful Wretch Begging for His Life—Who Could Be Deaf to His Appeal for Aid? Major Forester Weighed the Consequences and Made His Decision.

I WAS in the act of closing the front door of the building in which my temporary abode was situated, and stepping out between the spiked iron railings onto the pavement of the Adelphi Terrace, when I recognized the familiar, but always exciting, sound of a police chase near at hand.

From where I stood I could hear the hurrying footsteps, the disjointed shouts, and a shrill police whistle in the distance. I stepped hastily forward and, almost at that moment, the fugitive appeared, swung himself round by the railings, and prepared to continue his flight.

He was small, shabbily dressed, ginger-haired, and sandy of complexion. The blood was streaming from one side of his face, and his breath was coming in little sobbing gasps Even in those few moments the blueness of his eyes moved me to wonder, and the twitching of his agonized lips was like the whimpering of a frightened child . . .

Close behind came the chase. It was a matter of seconds now before his pursuers would pounce exultantly upon their quarry. The little man seemed wholly at their mercy. He had swung himself 'round the corner, two steps along the pavement, but at the sight of me standing there, he hesitated—a hesitation that must be fatal—unless—

A great dramatist has written a play to prove that the instinct of helping any human creature to escape from constituted authority is practically a primeval one. I subscribed to that instinct without pause or delay. A look flashed between us, and he understood. I stepped a little on one side. He sprang at the door, which I had left ajar, disappeared inside, and slammed it after him The footsteps and calls were almost at hand, the terrace was deserted, and I myself could scarcely hope to escape questioning if discovered loitering there.

The Lower Regions

I CROSSED the street hastily, leaned over the railing, and peered below into that strange piece of wasted ground that borders the Embankment gardens.

The chase, consisting of the usual crowd—two or three rough-looking men, half a dozen loiterers, who had evidently joined in the man-hunt for the thrill of it, and a sprinkling of others, mostly nondescripts—accepted the hint without qualm or hesitation, crossed the road and plunged into the little entry, scarcely troubling to glance along the empty terrace. They did not even stop to ask me a question. My attitude and apparent interest in the blank space below were enough for them.

A policeman pushed his way from the rear and disappeared 'round the corner of the steps in a couple of bounds. I made the inquiry from one of the pursuers who seemed to have had enough of the chase

"What's the little man done?"

The youth shook his head.

"Dunno," he answered. "I just seen 'em all running and came along."

I recrossed the street, turned my key in the lock, and entered. I closed the door carefully made my way to the second floor, and switched on the electric light. There was no one in sight. I looked upward and, three flights above, I caught sight of a white, terrified face, peering through the banisters. I called to him softly:

"Come down and I'll let you in. There's no one else in the building These are all my offices."

The face disappeared, and soon I heard the sound of light, quick footsteps. When the hunted man came to the last flight of stairs and slackened his pace a little as he approached me. I felt almost inclined to smile. His appearance was entirely that of a frightened, even a terrified, child. He looked ridiculously young. yet the wound on his cheek and the partly dried blood gave a touch of the sinister to his appearance. He came hesitatingly toward me

"They've all gone on," I told him. "Come this way."

The Bathroom

I UNLOCKED my door, and he followed me into the little hall I pushed open the door of the bathroom and threw him out some towels from the cupboard.

"Do what you can to your face," I recommended, "and brush your clothes"

He looked down at his shabby suit apologetically.

"I fell down once or twice," he confided, speaking in a not unpleasant voice, with some trace of a Cockney accent. "Curse them all," he added with a sudden vindictive note in his tone "They ran me pretty near to death, and there wasn't one of those who nigh caught me who'd ever seen me before or knew whether I'd done anything or not. Blast them!"

"Make yourself look as decent as you can," I directed, "and then come this way."

I passed into my sitting-room and looked out of the window. In a few minutes my guest made his timid entry. His appearance was very much improved. The wound had evidently not been a deep one, and he had been able to wash off most of the blood He had made some attempt to straighten his mass of tousled hair, and he had brushed his clothes until the shine of wear was visible. A more inoffensive-looking person I have never seen.

"Well, what have you been up to?" I asked him.

"It is a longish story, guv'nor," he answered hesitatingly.

"Sit down there," I invited. "You'll have to tell me all about it before I can make up my mind whether to march you to the police station or not."

He shivered a little.

"I don't think you'll do that, guv'nor."

"I may. A man doesn't run away for nothing, you know.'

Not So Young

NOW that I looked at him closely, I saw that there were little wrinkles about his eyes. He was probably not so young as I had thought.

"Have they gone?" he asked, glancing toward the window.

"Now, then, out with it," I enjoined "I've given you a chance, but whether I help you further or not depends on what you have to tell me"

He looked into the fire despondently. Then he looked up at me, studied my face almost, as it seemed, hungrily, as though he were trying to make up his mind what manner of man I was

"I'm a ship's steward, sir," he confided finally. Bibby Line, between here and Australia. I was on the Oretavia; landed early this morning at Tilbury."

"You haven't been long getting into trouble"

He shivered, listened for a moment, and rose to his feet. He made his way on tiptoe to the window and peered down from behind the curtain into the street.

"There's more people about down there," he remarked uneasily—"a cop, too, over by the railings"

I left my place and stood by his side. There were a few passers-by and certainly a policeman talking to the man who looks after unattended motor cars, but there was nothing particularly disturbing.

"You're as safe here as anywhere," I assured him. "Get on with your story, and I shall know what to do if they come here for you."

He resumed his place.

"When I've told you my story," he said drearily, "you may want to march me to the police station yourself." .

"That depends," I told him. "Get on with it."

"I've been saving up to get married," he said, "but while I was away the last time Agnes found another fellow, and now she's thrown me over."

"What happened, then?" I asked.

Got to Fight

"HE was at her house when I went there just now, and I told him to get out. He says: 'If you want your girl back, you've got to fight for her How does that strike you?' I looked at him, and I couldn't see nothing for a moment. He was over six feet a drayman by trade—with great shoulders and arms. Why, he could put me in his pocket And he wanted to fight me."

"What did you do about it?"

"I told him I'd fight," the little man continued, with a queer light shining in his blue eyes—"and I did fight. Only me weighing about eight stone, and him fourteen, and him being a fighting bully, and me never having hurt a man before in my life. I had to equal things up a bit. He was toying with me. I could see what his game was. He just wanted to get hold of me, and he was going to throw me out, but when he bent over to grab me by the neck, I surprised him."

There was something sinister in the simple conclusion to his sentence I leaned forward. The little man was moistening his lips with his tongue. The seconds of that silence seemed like a whole epoch. I heard a train shriek on its way into Charing Cross Station, the tooting of taxi horns in the Strand, the commissionaires' whistles showing that the theatres were emptying.

"Yes, I surprised him," my companion repeated, breaking at last that incredible silence. "The light wasn't too good, and I'd got hold of my knife when he wasn't looking As he came for me I stabbed him right in the chest I ain't strong, but I drove hard that time. and some of the blood on my cheek—that wasn't all there where I fell down—some of it was. He looked at me kind of helpless like—couldn't believe it—and then he crumpled up."

"You mean that you killed him?" I cried.

The fugitive looked at me plaintively.

"He had chosen to fight me," he pleaded "I couldn't fight him with my fists Look at them."

A Child's Hands

HE held them up—a child's doubled-up hands, and thin at that.

"It had to be made fair," he went on. "I didn't ask him to come and steal my girl. He got what was coming to him."

"And then?" I asked, somehow afraid of another silence.

"Agnes, I think she was fearful I was going to do her in, too," he proceeded. "She rushed out into the street After that there was nothing for me to do. I'd felt brave enough for the first few minutes. I meant to sit there until the police came, but all of a sudden my courage went. I wasn't glad he was dead any longer. I followed Agnes out into the street, and I ran away, and presently they ran after me So that's that!"

He finished his story with a little gulp of satisfaction. I could see him watching me eagerly to gather what effect it had upon me.

We sat and looked at each other—this self-confessed murderer of puny physique and I, who had given him refuge Perhaps, in a measure, each was seeking to read what was in the other's thoughts.

As He Came for Me I Stabbed Him Right in the Chest. I Ain't Strong But I Drove Hard That Time.

"What are you going to do about me, sir?" he ventured at length.

"I believe," I decided, after a moment's hesitation, "that the best advice I could offer you would be to give yourself up"

"I shan't do that," he declared sullenly. "I've got a chance of getting away, anyhow, if you don't peach."

"I shall not peach," I assured him. "I was responsible for rescuing you from that crowd, and I certainly shall not give you up to the police. On the other hand, you must remember this. They lost the trail completely at that alley. When they find that it leads them no further, they will visit these houses, one by one—the nearest, at any rate—to see if, by any chance, you could have slipped in."

I Stared Across the Room in Blank Wonder. Seated Upon Two Chairs at the Bar Were My Friend, Alfred, and the Girl

Anxious Fugitive

"DO you think they'll come tonight?" he asked anxiously.

"I can't tell," I answered. "Have you any plans yourself for getting away?"

"If I could get down to Southampton," he confided. "I could work a passage on a South American steamer It wouldn't be any use my going near Tilbury or any of the London docks—they'll be looking for me there—but I've got a pal, a ship's chandler in Southampton He'd see me through it."

"Have you any money?"

"Not a penny. The bit of pay I'd drawn was in my overcoat pocket."

"And when did you think of trying to get to Southampton?"

"Tonight, sir—Midnight train," was the prompt reply. "You see, it happened too late to be in the morning papers There won't be anything in till the afternoon editions, so, except for the police, I'll have a good chance of getting away. If you could lend me a coat and hat, sir, and help me a little about my fare——" he added wistfully.

I crossed the room to my desk and counted out some notes. Then I went to the closet and found a last year's Winter overcoat and a bowler hat.

He put them on quickly.

"If you would lend me a razor for a few minutes, sir," he suggested.

I waved him off to the bathroom. In ten minutes, with a walking-stick and a pair of gloves of mine, clean-shaved and with a cigarette in his mouth, he paraded for my inspection. I pushed the little bundle of notes into his hand.

"I don't know whether I'm doing right or wrong," I admitted. "Good luck to you!"

The Day After

THE next morning was wet, so, after breakfast, I settled down to a few hours' writing. I had scarcely begun, however, when the bell of my flat rang, and Jennings, my servant, somewhat diffidently disturbed me.

"A young person has called, sir," he announced. "She says that she must see you at once."

I was on the point of motioning him away when a sudden thought occurred to me. Without any obvious reason, I connected this visitor with my last night's adventure.

"What sort of a young person?" I inquired

"Not a lady, sir, by any manner of means. If I might venture to say so, I do not think she is a young woman you would be likely to know anything about."

"Show her in," I ordered tersely.

"Are you the gentleman who helped Alfred last night?" she demanded

"Who is Alfred?" I inquired. "And who are you?"

"Alfred was my young man," she explained. "He's got himself into a whole lot of trouble. You know all about it."

"Do I?"

She shivered and half-closed her eyes I had an idea, however, that she was not so greatly affected as she seemed.

"Well," I suggested, "tell me exactly what you want of me"

The Girl's Motive

SHE looked at me earnestly. I had no longer any doubts concerning her motive in coming to see me

"I suppose," she reflected, "Alfred would about kill me, too, if he knew I'd come here, after all he told me of your goodness to him."

"How is it that you found your way here?" I asked. "When did you see your young man?"

She smiled triumphantly

"I just knew what he'd do While the police were looking for him to double back to some of his old haunts, and the tecs were on their way to Tilbury, I just made my way to Waterloo and watched all the trains to Southampton I knew where his great pal lived Sure enough, last night at twenty minutes to twelve there he was upon the platform. Colson, his Southampton pal, was with him."

"Well, if you wanted money," I remarked, "he had some. He could have spared you a little"

"That's just what he couldn't do," she replied eagerly "You'd given him thirty pounds and enough for his fare. You see, he told me all about it and how you pushed him in here out of the street. Colson is sending him to sea tonight in a tramp steamer bound for South America It'll take all the thirty pounds to get him there Couldn't you help me a little?" she begged, leaning forward in her chair "Just a few pounds to be going on with? You helped Alfred. Surely I'm as well worth spending money on?"

Acted on Impulse

"I HELPED your young man to escape the law," I replied—"perhaps unwisely—but I did so upon impulse, and have not regretted it. His position was a serious one, and I look upon you as the person responsible for the crime he committed, and not himself."

Her face hardened.

"Look here," she said, "if I go to the police station and tell them where he is, there'll be something for me out of it, and if I tell them," she added, "that you helped him to escape, why, there'd be something for me out of that, too."

"So you're trying a little blackmailing, are you?" I remarked.

"You can call it what you like," she replied sullenly. "Much better be amiable about it and make friends."

Now, my first impulse was to ring the bell on my desk and to have her shown into the street. So far as her threat to me myself was concerned, I was perfectly ready to do so. And then I thought of the man who had sat opposite to me last night and told me his story

"You are perfectly at liberty to inform the police of my share in Alfred's escape," I assured her, "but why don't you give him a chance?"

"Why should I?"

"Because whatever he did," I pointed out sternly, "was partly your fault. If you're a sensible woman, you won't do a single thing to prevent his escape."

She meditated for a moment. She was distinctly no fool, for she changed her tactics very cleverly

"I'd like Alfred to have another chance," she declared. "I'd like to let him get away. I wouldn't even mind going out to South America after him, if he finds a good job, but, I ask you, sir, how am I to live and save enough money to get there?"

"Look here," I said, "so far as I'm concerned, I'm perfectly indifferent as to any information you could hand to the police, but I should like your young man to have another chance I will give you twenty-five pounds now in cash to keep your mouth shut"

"Fifty," she suggested, with a covetous gleam in her eyes.

A Fatal Delay

MY momentary hesitation was, of course, fatal. I counted out fifty pounds. She slipped from her perch on my desk and departed

Barely a quarter of an hour had passed before Jennings again made his appearance He was carrying a card in his hand, and he had the air of one impressed

"The gentleman's waiting, sir," he announced

I glanced at the card.

INSPECTOR BROWNLOW
Scotland Yard

I tried to look as though I were used to receiving visits from officials of the law, but I was inwardly conscious of a certain amount of apprehension.

"Show the gentleman in, Jennings," I directed

The inspector made his prompt appearance. He looked at me keenly

"Major Forester?" he inquired.

"That is my name," I admitted.

"A word with you, if you please, sir"

I motioned to Jennings, who left us. The inspector, obeying my gesture of invitation, took a chair

"I have ventured to call, Major Forester," he began, looking steadily across at me, "to a certain extent unofficially. Last night there was a police chase in this district in which the man who was hunted rather mysteriously got away. You will, perhaps, remember something of it, sir?"

"I do," I admitted

The inspector stroked his chin

The Criminal

"THE police who were following the criminal and the rest of the crowd," he continued, "lost him just below your window. Under certain conditions, it would come within my province of my duty to make inquiries at the three or four houses—this is one of them—in which the fugitive might have taken refuge."

"You can search these premises, if you like," I suggested affably.

"Quite unnecessary, thank you, sir," the inspector replied. "It will put matters upon a simpler footing if I tell you at once that I have just seen an acquaintance of the wanted man leave your flat. You will, perhaps, be so kind as to tell me anything you may know with regard to his escape and also the object of his caller's visit to you this morning"

Well, there I was, up against it. I told his the whole story, with the exception of the destination of the fugitive and his projected means of escape

"I have told you, inspector, as much as I intend to," I concluded, after a brief pause. "If I have committed an offence, I am quite ready to answer for what I have done, but I do not propose to tell you the man's present whereabouts until I am forced to."

My visitor picked up his cap.

"I shall trouble you, sir," he said, "to come with me".

"Am I under arrest?" I asked.

"Not precisely—not at the present moment. We will discuss the situation a little later on."

In Officer's Company

I CALLED for my hat and stick, and we left the flat. The inspector whistled for a taxicab and gave an address I failed to catch. We pulled up presently in a side street on the way to the City, before a large and opulent-looking public house.

"A question of identification, sir," my companion explained "Will you please follow me?"

I obeyed without demur. We entered the place unnoticed and sat down at a small table in the corner. Almost immediately I rose again to my feet with a little start of surprise The inspector pushed me back again, however, into my place and, with a peremptory gesture, checked the exclamation that had almost escaped me. I stared across the room in blank wonder Seated upon two chairs at the bar were my friend, Alfred, and the girl. A bottle stood between them, and they were devouring considerable portions of bread and cheese.

"Our friend, Alfred Pegg, I think," the inspector remarked.

"Ginger Alf, we call him, sir," the inspector continued, "and I don't know that there's a petty criminal upon our records who's provided the force with more amusement. This last little affair with you, though, is a fair masterpiece. Alf isn't what I should call much of a criminal. A shoplifting job is about his limit, but he is cute—as cute as they make 'em."

"But what were they all after him for yesterday, then?" I gasped.

"For pinching the change from a sovereign in a baker's shop," the inspector replied with a humorous gleam in his eyes. "He wasn't as clever as usual when he tried to make a get-awa for the money was found on the floor, and we haven't a charge against him for the moment. How much did he get out of you, if I might make so bold, sir?"

"I'd rather keep that to myself," I confessed

Recognized

JUST at that moment my ginger-haired friend looked around. He recognized us both, and a look of dismay spread itself over his expressive features. He set down his glass and nudged his companion, who also turned her head and uttered a cry of consternation. The inspector beckoned imperatively, and they slid down from their stools and approached the table.

"Well, Ginger, how are you feeling this morning?" my companion inquired. "Pretty smart you are, aren't you, Mrs. Pegg?" he went on. "Look as though you'd been paying an afternoon call."

"I've been to see this gentleman," she announced, indicating me, "and a fat lot of use it was."

"I had no idea you were such a bloodthirsty fellow, Alf," the inspector proceeded, with a little twinkle in his eyes. "Now what about that little amount of cash this gentleman advanced to you to get out of the country?"

The fugitive of Adelphi Terrace heaved a deep sigh, and his hand crept toward his pocket. I stopped him.

"Too wonderful a performance altogether," I declared, "to go unrewarded. I have some influence in theatrical circles, Mr Pegg, and, if ever you should be thinking of a change of vocation, you might pay me a visit."

A slow, incredulous smile spread gradually over his face.

"Well, you're a sport!" he exclaimed.

"Run along now, both of you," the inspector enjoined "If the gentleman chooses to forget what's happened, it's no concern of mine"

Alfred Pegg's face as he turned away bore a beatific expression.

The inspector smiled "You're letting them off light, sir," he observed.

I took a cigarette from my case and tapped it upon the table I was still thinking of that cherubic face, with the blue eyes and happy mouth.

"The lady was no fool," I reflected, "but Alfred Pegg earned every penny of his passage to South America

Rail Chef's School

Railroad cooks and waiters now go to school. Stewards also attend classes in order that the traveling public may be served according to the latest dining-room standards. The Pennsylvania Railroad has opened a school at Sunnyside Yard, Long Island City, and here a kitchen is operated in which chefs are engaged in developing new dishes and food combinations.

World Honors Chief Scout

Pleaded With Teutons To Spare Life of Nurse Cavell

DOWN in Havana, back in 1912, a young fellow called Hugh Simons Gibson, was attacked by a Cuban newspaper editor while dining in a cafe. The editor made a rear attack and knocked Gibson out for the full count. Gibson came to in time to prevent a friend of his from handing the editor a severe trouncing, and they all went home. Next day the Cuban Government apologized to Washington for the cowardly editor's attack on Mr. Gibson, who was attached to the United States Embassy in Havana, and who, in the course of his duties, had roused the Cuban press in pushing the claims of an American company against the Cuban Government. The incident lost its heat. But it was a fateful turning point in the young diplomat's career, for as a result of the attack Washington decided, on a point of pride, to keep him in Havana, instead of transferring him to another Latin-American diplomatic post, as had been planned. But after he had spent another year in Havana, Gibson was in need of a complete change of climate, so Uncle Sam sent him to Belgium. That was in February, 1914, just when great events were casting their shadows before them in Europe. Hugh Simons Gibson became a neutral diplomat, and was successful in the role, although he failed to stop the shooting of Edith Cavell, although he sat up with the German commandant all night. His stock rose steadily at Washington, and in 1927 Europe saw this young man—he was only forty-four—being nominated to preside over the three power conference on the limitation of naval armaments at Geneva. The man who nominated him was W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the British Admiralty, aged sixty-three, and the seconder was Admiral Viscount Saito, the Japanese veteran statesman, aged sixty-nine years.

HUGH S. GIBSON

Now Hugh Gibson is the United States Ambassador to Belgium, and American representative on the Preparatory Commission for disarmament. He is very popular in Belgium, as a result of his relief work in co-operation with Herbert Hoover, and became one of the three best known Americans in Belgium. When he returned to that country as Ambassador of the United States he was received with open arms, and it is said that King Albert threw regal formality to the winds, left his throne, and shook Gibson's hand heartily. The young Ambassador, so the story goes, was busy bowing in the manner proper to the occasion, and his head butted into the stomach of the Belgium monarch, with embarrassing results. When the United States got into the war Gibson came back to Washington to give Uncle Sam first-hand advice on European countries and conditions. Secretary Lansing gave him two week's holidays, but suggested that Gibson write a book during that period. Gibson agreed, and did the job in the offices of his publisher, dictating to a stenographer. When sight-seers were shown through the building, the guide always showed them Mr. Gibson, as a good example of an author at work.

Forced North by Fever Of Tropics Fate Did the Rest

THERE are people whose plans in life are so ruthlessly and persistently interfered with by unseen forces that they come, in time, to believe that "'tis Destiny that shapes our ends; rough-hew them as we will."

Among such people—or, at least, among those who would be justified in taking such a view of life—might be included P. C. Armstrong, of Sweetburg, Quebec, authority on agriculture and economics, whose whole record is that of ceaseless change of occupation imposed from without. No sooner did he master one branch of knowledge and accept that as his life's work than an entirely different vocation would be forced upon him by unforseen and imperative circumstances. And that started long ago before his entry upon the Canadian economic stage as a construction engineer, building bridges, dams, transmission lines and other sundries in all parts of Canada and, of course, long before he became one of the most lucid and forceful of public speakers (and private advisers) on agriculture and economics.

In fact, the first of a long series of changes was rung in his native land, Barbados; he being descended from a Scottish family that emigrated to the island as a result of a difference of opinion between the King and the Covenant. In Barbados Armstrong first emerged as a school teacher, but soon gave that up for the Government service, doing duty in the customs office, in the Department of Police and even being Director of the Census.

But no sooner was he making definite headway to a position worth while in the civil service than a bad case of tropical fever made it necessary for him to get away from the semi-tropics and into a colder country. That was twenty-eight years ago. He headed first for New York and then to other American cities, studying hard and becoming, in time, a construction engineer.

When the war came on the big plant of the Dominion Bridge Co., at Lachine, near Montreal, became an important munition centre, and Armstrong was made works manager. But again the strain of intense work made a complete change of occupation necessary, and this resulted in the purchase of a farm in the eastern townships of Quebec Province, where Armstrong revived his early interest in agriculture and found means of testing various theories on farming, at the same time laying the foundation of a sound knowledge of agriculture and the moods and tenses of agriculturists.

But, unable to remain in one place, Mr. Armstrong began to practice as consulting agriculturalist, in which line he is well known throughout Canada. He is a member of the Agricultural Committee of McGill University.

"JUST after Haig's funeral Marshal Foch said to General (Lord) Baden-Powell, 'I congratulate you on what you have done for youth. I am one of the greatest admirers of the Scout movement, in which I see an ideal which provides everything in life that a boy needs and demands everything from a boy that the world expects from him'."

This message from the late Marshal Foch was presented by his ex-aide-de-camp, Major l'Hopital, who was in command of the 2,000 French Scouts attending the World Scout Jamboree at Arrow Park, Birkenhead, just across the river from Liverpool, which began on July 31 and continued until August 13.

Similar messages poured in daily, delighting to honor the famous Chief Scout, who has been made a peer by his Sovereign, the remarkably youthful veteran of seventy-two, in answer to whose call 50,000 boys assembled from all parts of the world to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the Scout movement, which, from a handful of boys meeting in an experimental camp on the coast of Dorset in August, 1907, has grown into two millions, with affiliated organizations actively at work in all parts of the Empire and in no fewer than forty-two foreign countries.

And every eager boy from all the Dominions and the thirty-four foreign nations represented at Arrowe Park was, in the words of a South African Scout, "just dying to see the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Chief Scout!"

His Majesty's health, unfortunately, did not permit him to gratify their wish, but the Prince, representing the King, as the Chief Scout of Wales, spent twenty-four hours with the boys on August 1 and 2, living just like all the other Scouts—wearing his scout uniform, sleeping under canvas on a straw bed, drawing his rations, joining in some of the games and sports and helping in the general routine all day, and in the evening smoking his pipe and taking part in the community singing around the campfire.

It is safe to say that the 30,000 Scouts from overseas will return home with indelible memories of their great hero, the Scout Prince.

The Duke of Connaught, too, a lasting friend of the movement, visited the park and paid Sir Robert Baden-Powell the compliment of donning the Scout uniform for the first time at the age of seventy-nine years. Ambassadors, High Commissioners, Members of Parliament and of the British Government were to be found among the throng who visited the metropolis of scouting boyhood, walking along the alleys, the street and shops and between the fields of tents that housed on a 425-acre estate the largest cosmopolitan gathering of Boy Scouts the world has ever known.

It was a mere step across the highway from India (300 delegates) to the United States (with 1,500); a few minutes' walk from there to Esthonia, by way of Worcestershire. Here Jamaica meets Lancashire and Armenia; there Canada (with 200) bivouacs with the Barbados, Sierra Leone and Sussex at her elbows. Oxford sleeps by Sweden and the blind and deaf, France by Nigeria, Australia, Brazil—and so round the world.

And among the boys of all sizes and colors moved the Chief Scout, tireless in his effort to meet and talk with every single worshiper—a happy man and a modest one withal, witnessing the crowning achievement of a long and remarkable life.

The son of an Oxford professor, educated at Charterhouse, Lord Robert joined the army in 1876 and as a servant of the Empire in many parts of the world his exploits will never be fully told. His defence of Mafeking, in 1900, still evokes a thrill, though his part in the Zulu War is no less significant, if less renowned.

"B.P." was no ordinary soldier. He carried his unconquerable spirit into the widely divergent fields. A horseman and a horse-lover first, last and all the time, Inspector-General of Cavalry, polo player, pigsticker are some of the epithets B. P. can claim with distinction. In his beautiful house in Hampshire hangs the roll of the names of horses he has owned.

The glorious garden at "Paxhill" reveals "Pix of Pax" in yet another capacity—that of an enthusiastic gardener. And if you would surprise the secret of abiding youthfulness go see Lord Robert and Lady Baden-Powell country dancing with their son Peter and two daughters, Heather and Betty in that same delightful garden! Then cast your eye over the long list of engagements that keeps the Chief Scout busy from his early rising hour till late in the evening. You will understand why the horseman has become a motorist, perforce, and in a position to enjoy the glorious car and camping trailer presented with some of the million pennies the Boy Scouts of the world have collected for their loved leader.

This remarkable man has still another outstanding gift. From his earliest youth Ruskin recognised B. P.'s artistic bent. The Royal Academy knows him as a sculptor. The dens of countless friends—and a long, long trail of blotting-paper pads!—know him as a clever sketcher in color in crayon and in black and white, all done with his left hand and revealing an "aliveness" quite in keeping with his character.

Bookland, too, knows his well. No fewer than twenty books stand to his credit. Delightful talks on travel, as delightfully illustrated by the author; sporty works on sport and technical military textbooks jostle for popularity B. P.'s famous "Scouting for Boys."

General Lord Baden-Powell

"When this book was published," the Chief Scout wrote recently, "I had no idea whatsoever of creating a new youth movement.

"I had, in fact, hoped that its contents would prove of interest and assistance to organizations, such as the Boys' Brigade, which were doing good work amongst the boys of our country.

"As my post-bag became larger and larger and more and more troops were formed it became apparent that an organization to control them would have to be formed, so the Boy Scouts Association was born in 1908.

"A short while afterwards its sister organization—the Girl Guides Association—was formed as it was found that girls were taking up the ideas enunciated in 'Scouting for Boys' with almost an equal vigor as their brothers."

In 1910 Lord Baden-Powell returned from the army at the inspiration of King Edward, to become, in his capacity as "Chief Scout," the world force for healthy happy brotherhood he is today.

Wizard of Wheat Pool Is Great Politician And Organizer

WALK up one flight of stairs, turn to your left again, down a little alley-hall, and there is a door marked, "Mr. Wood." Knock at the door—there is no answer. Knock again; still no answer. Open the door and peep in. There is a small office with two desks, but otherwise vacant. The stenographer is out.

H. W. WOOD

But there is another door across the room, and you go in and knock at that. It leads, evidently, to the holy-of-holies. Wait with apprehension, and knock again. There is a rumbled, "Come in."

You have heard of "Mr. Wood." Perhaps you have seen him. It may be that you have heard him speak, watched him raise his hand and marked the silence that suddenly came over a great audience. At the rumble of that "Come in" you pat down your lapels, straighten your tie, turn the knob and open the door.

Mr. Wood untangles his long legs, unclasps his hands from behind his neck, places the palms on the arms of the chair, and gets up. Then you notice that he is not young. His shoulders have a suggestive stoop, his hair at the temples is thin and grey, and there are up-and-down wrinkles on his long face. A decided droop to the heavy lower lip seems to add to the suggestion of dourness.

He looks straight at you, not exactly quizzically, but in a way that makes you think he is saying to himself, "Well—what are you doing here?"

I think it makes no difference what you have come for, the result is the same. Mr. Wood comes around from the back of his desk and takes your hand. His hand is warm and hard. He is still looking into your eyes. You take one eye from his and notice the hand in yours. It has seen hard work and has flabby wrinkles on the back. He does not withdraw his hand, and you begin to feel a glow of friendliness that brings a slight flush to your face.

Mr. Wood closes the door. He has not spoken yet, but that uncomfortable feeling has gone; you feel at home.

"Have a chair."

In every farm community, in every farm home, that is the introduction to hospitality—"Have a chair." It is the word of welcome, the sign that you have passed farm muster, and even in the office of the organizer of the wheat pool it does not sound out of place. For Henry Wise Wood, B.A., LL.D., Lougheed Building, Calgary, politician and economist, the father of the greatest political and economic agricultural organization in the world, is still Henry Wood, farmer, Carstairs, Alberta.

Consistency

The Maid—"There was a terrible storm last night, professor."

The Professor—"Then why didn't you wake me? You know I can't sleep during a storm."

Divine Office of the Kitchen

God walks among the pots and pipkins.

—St. Teresa.

"LORD of the pots and pipkins, since I have no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things and vigiling with Thee,
By watching in the twilight dawn, and storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals, and washing up the plates!

"Lord of the pots and pipkins, please, I offer Thee for souls,
The tiresomeness of tea leaves, and the sticky porridge bowls!
Remind me of the things I need, not just to save the stairs,
But so that I may perfectly lay tables into prayers.

"Accept my roughened hands because I made them so for Thee!
Pretend my dishmop is a bow, which, heavenly harmony
Makes on a fiddle frying pan; it is so hard to clean,
And oh, so horrid! Hear, dear Lord, the music that I mean!

"Although I must have Martha hands, I have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots, I try Thy sandals, Lord, to find,
I think of how they trod our earth, what time I scrub the floor,
Accept this meditation when I haven't time for more!

"Vespers and Compline come to pass by washing supper things
And, mostly, I am very tired; and all the heart that sings
About the morning's work, is gone, before me, into bed.
Lend me, dear Lord, Thy Tireless Heart, to work in me instead!

"My Matins are said overnight to praise and bless Thy Name
Beforehand for tomorrow's work, which will be just the same;
So that it seems I go to bed still in my working dress,
Lord, make Thy Cinderella soon a heavenly Princess!

"Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love, and light it with Thy Peace!
Forgive the worrying, and make the grumbling words to cease,
Lord who laid breakfast on the shore, forgive the world which saith
'Can any good thing come to God out of poor Nazareth?' "

—CECIL HALLACK, in Public Opinion.

Loftiest of Capitals in The World Is La Paz

LA PAZ, Bolivia, where the people are demonstrating against Paraguay, is the loftiest capital in the world, for it stands on a mountain top 12,470 feet above sea level. This is 2,000 feet higher than Quito, in Ecuador, and 5,000 feet higher than Mexico City. Its nearest rival for height is the far distant Lhasa, which stands at an altitude of 11,830 feet. The mean temperature of La Paz is fifty degrees Fahrenheit. But the cold nights are unrelieved by fireside comforts, as the folk have nothing to burn, neither coal nor trees in the desolate mountainous regions around the city.

Journalistic Poo Bah

BESIDES owning her own newspaper, Mrs. James MacDonald of The Courier, Unity, Saskatchewan, acts as managing editor, reporter, linotypist and office boy. She is also advertising manager, proof-reader and printer's devil, and runs the gasoline engine that supplies the power to operate her press. She claims, naturally, that running a newspaper is 100 per cent hard work, but she likes it. She is the only woman newspaper owner in Saskatchewan.

Two Canadian Boys Put Through $100,000,000 Deal

GEORGE K. Morrow and his brother, Frederick K. Morrow, who headed the group which recently purchased the United Cigar Stores Company from the Whalen interests for a price exceeding $100,000,000, were formerly farm boys born near Toronto, Canada. George K., fifty-six, has become chairman of the board, while Frederick, forty-two, has become the president. George left Canada to seek his fortune in the United States thirty-five years ago. He was just twenty-one. He began with Swift & Company, of Chicago, then with the Quaker Oats Company. A few years later he founded a merchant broker's business in New York. His first big job, entrusted to him by bankers, was the reorganization of the American Cotton Oil Company.

Hard-Working Bees

In a Long Island suburban section near New York is a colony of some 300,000 bees, housed in forty-five hives. They are furnishing an excellent livelihood for their owner, who has been keeping bees in this locality for the last ten years. In addition he has 300 hives in Connecticut.

As Child She Made an Editorial Sanctum Of Rideau Hall

LADY Pentland, who has been paying a leisurely visit to Canada which took her as far as the Pacific Coast, always has a warm spot in her heart for newspaper interviewers. When she first came to this country, in 1893, as Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, she and her brothers edited and published a children's weekly paper at Rideau Hall. This was the only occasion when the Governor-General's residence was also the headquarters of a magazine.

"I do not believe the paper was much of a financial success," laughed Lady Pentland when recalling her early adventures as an editor. "Our books were never audited, but I seem to remember that we sometimes had to overdraw our allowance in order to meet current expenses, for we had an outside circulation that was more of a liability than an asset.

"'Wee Willie Winkie' was the name of our magazine. That may not sound what you call snappy in these tabloid days, but we were rather proud of it. I chose the name, but it was not adopted until after long arguments with my brothers."

In addition to introducing the printing press to Rideau Hall the Earl of Aberdeen's family also had the distinction of bringing in the first Persian cats that were ever seen in Canada. The kittens, which arrived with the regular frequency common in more plebeian feline families, were in great demand among the Ottawa aristocracy, and there are said to be hundreds of the descendants of the original stock still purring happily in the capital.

Most Popular Padre of The Canadian Corps And Why

"SHUN!" Click! The private's heels clumped together. He had shambled up to the officer for some information, and the officer was taking no shambling.

CANON SCOTT

"Don't you know better than to speak to an officer in an attitude like that?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No sir."

"How long have you been in this outfit?"

"Five months, sir."

"And you don't know who I am?"

"No sir."

"What do you mean by dribbling up to me like that?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Shall I report you or will you take my punishment?"

"I'll take your punishment."

"Sir!"

"Sir."

"Without a word?"

"Without a word—sir!"

"Open your mouth."

The private opened his mouth. The officer jammed into it the cork end of a five-cent cigarette. The officer lifted the sole of his boot and struck a match and lit the cigarette.

"Smoke that."

The private lifted his arm to take out the cigarette to say, "Yes sir . . ."

"Shun!"

"Yes sir."

The private smoked at attention and in silence. The officer stood also at attention and eyed the private seriously while the smoke drifted in great clouds from the private's mouth.

The cigarette fumed to the fag end and the butt dropped to the ground.

"Now do you know who I am?"

"No sir."

The officer reached into either pouch-pocket and drew out a couple of handfuls of chocolate bars and cigarettes and thrust them at the private.

"I'm Canon Scott. The coffee's hot. Come on, private."

The yarn may explain why Archdeacon F. E. Scott, St. Matthew's, Quebec, was one of the most popular padres of the Canadian army.

A striking example of the power of life over death has been seen at Hyson Green, Nottingham, where a strong asphalt pavement was forced up by a clump of mushrooms growing underneath.

A big bulge developed in the pavement, and when the asphalt was removed huge mushrooms as big as dinner plates were found. The mushrooms covered an area of over two feet, and some of them had stalks three inches thick.

Realizes Ambition of 35 Years of Rifle Shooting

BY winning the King's Prize at Bisley in competition with crack rifle shots from all parts of the British Empire Lieut.-Col. R. M. Blair, commanding officer of the Seaforth Highlanders, of Vancouver, has realized an ambition of thirty-five years' standing. He has been keenly interested in rifle shooting from his youth and has journeyed overseas three times to the great Empire meet at Bisley winning substantial honors on each occasion. Business or personal affairs have prevented him from competing oftener, but he hopes to show up at the ranges several times yet before giving place to younger men. He is now in his fifty-third year.

COL. R. M. BLAIR

When only sixteen years of age young Blair joined the 8th Royal Rifles at Quebec, and he has been more or less associated with military life ever since. He came West while quite a young man, and soon made his way to the Yukon, later returning to Vancouver to engage in business. He went overseas at the outbreak of the war, and shortly after was claimed for special duty by the small arms experimental branch of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Several years ago Col. Blair was one of a number of crack rifle shots present at the opening of a new rifle range. As is usual on such occasions, the opening shot was fired by a personage of some importance whose knowledge of shooting was decidedly elementary. As has happened before and since, the marker had been instructed to report favorably on the personage's shooting.

Col. Blair and a number of other officers had their glasses trained on the target when the first shot was fired. They saw the bullet strike the ground far to the left and considerably short of the target.

A moment later the marker signalled "bull's-eye!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Col. Blair. "If I could only have that fellow marking for me next time I shoot at Bisley I'd bring home the King's Prize for certain!"

Then he walked over to congratulate the marksman.

"Yes, sir, I did very well," agreed the latter, somewhat pompously, "considering that this is my first attempt at rifle shooting and that I had both eyes closed when I pulled the trigger."

Former Young English Officer Brings Shaw To Canada

WHEN Sir John Colborne had his arm partially disabled in 1812, while in command of a light infantry division during the Peninsular Wars, he had no idea that he was setting a style which one of his descendants would copy. Nevertheless, in 1915, at Neuve Chapelle—exactly one hundred and three years later, and on a battlefield not very far removed from that on which his famous ancestor had fought, a young English officer, Lieut. Maurice Colbourne achieved a similar wound.

Oddly enough, participation in the wars over a hundred years apart and the partially disabled arm received by Sir John and his descendant secured the services of both gentlemen for Canada.

In 1828, Sir John, having concluded a distinguished military career, came to the Dominion as first Governor-General of Upper Canada, and shortly after founded Upper Canada College. In 1928 Mr. Maurice Colbourne arrived in Canada, carrying in his pocket the Canadian rights to the plays of Bernard Shaw. Sir John fostered the development of Canadian education; Mr. Colbourne's plan promises to add zest to the activities of the Canadian theatre.

While the military careers of Colborne and Colbourne terminated in such similar manner, their introduction to the services of the British Crown was vastly dissimilar. Sir John was raised to be a soldier. Maurice was raised to be a doctor.

But August 4, 1914, put a stop to that. People all over the world regarded that memorable date with mingled emotions and misgivings. To Maurice Colbourne it was the greatest single day of his life, for it ended his days as an unwilling student of medicine. Mr. Colbourne joined up with a light heart, and proceeded to France with slight knowledge of warfare, for he admits that he was in the second day of a major engagement before he was aware of the fact that he was taking part in "a big show."

During the next few months he became more divorced from the idea of a medical career. When he returned to Oxford, it was as a student of economics. He graduated with honors, and along with his degree carried a very excellent reputation as an actor, having won distinction as president and active member of the Oxford University Dramatic Society.

He won the commendation of the British press for his production of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," in which he played Nelson, and he was again warmly praised in the papers for his speech to an important gathering of leading English actors at Oxford.

Later he appeared in the Memorial Theatre productions at Stratford-on-Avon, and it was at Stratford that Bernard Shaw first took a fancy to Maurice Colbourne. He demonstrated his feelings of good will in granting the Canadian rights of all his plays to the young Englishman.

Mr. Colbourne, who has established himself in Toronto to arrange the preliminaries of his transcanada tour, will sail shortly for a holiday in England. Shaw has signified his interest in the Canadian venture by inviting his young friend to confer with him about future presentations during his visit home.

Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for everything.

Simple Tests to Help the Home Chemist Detect Impurities in Food

Left: Testing Canned Goods to Determine If the Degree of Purity Meets the Requirements of the Pure Food Laws. Above: Illustrating the Test Used to Detect Formaldehyde in Milk.

The Housewife Can Easily Distinguish Pure From Adulterated Coffee by This Water Test.

The Presence of Borax or Boric Acid in Meat Can Be Proved by the Test Shown Here.

Above—Weighing a Sample of Ice Cream Is a Test to Determine If Its Fat Content Equals Nine Per Cent, as Required by Law. Left—Melting Butter to Prove Its Purity by the Amount of Foam Produced.

Courtesy of Science and Invention.

Testing Fruit Jam for Natural Colors With a Piece of Cloth.

THE science of chemistry is constantly on guard to protect your health and your pocketbook with various tests that determine the fitness of the food you eat. With a fundamental understanding of the method of analyzing such as used by reputable producers and packers to protect the purity of their products and with the inquisitive mind of a scientist and experimenter, the amateur chemist has before him a romantic field of research. The experimenter will derive more than a superficial profit from an application of those fairly elementary tests for food.

Analysts and food chemists have succeeded in standardizing the various tests to such an extent that it merely requires a few simple manipulations to enable the housewife to test the purity of the foods she gives her family. William Lemkin, Ph.D., describes in Science and Invention the simple tests which any housewife easily can make in her own kitchen. Mr. Lemkin starts the list with milk, the "most nearly perfect of all foods," which, he says, unscrupulous dealers adulterate by the addition of water, or the removal of part of the cream. This fraud, however, may be detected with comparative ease by the use of a specially graduated hydrometer or lactometer, which measures the specific gravity of the milk, and records the dilution (not necessary fraudulent). Unscrupulous dealers also treat milk with various chemical preservatives, especially in warm weather, to delay its souring. Formaldehyde, or "formalin," is the substance frequently employed for this purpose. This chemical, as Mr. Lemkin points out, is one of the chief ingredients of embalming fluid, so the grave danger in its use for preserving the primary food of infants and invalids will be readily realized.

To test for formaldehyde, place a small quantity of milk in a test tube. Add an equal quantity of strong hydrochloric acid, and a piece of iron alum about the size of a pinhead. Mix the liquids with a gentle, rotary motion to break up the curd. Place the test tube in a beaker of water after the water has been brought to the boiling point and leave it there for five minutes. When formaldehyde is present, there will appear a purplish or lavender coloration. If this preservative is absent, the solution slowly turns brown.

"A common form of butter substitute which, although made from natural food," Mr. Lemkin explains, "is sometimes mixed with genuine butter and, as such, falls into the class of adulterants, in the sense that it lowers the nutritive value of the butter and constitutes a fraud. To distinguish between genuine butter and 'renovated' butter, the simple test is employed. Heat a sample in an iron spoon over low flame, stirring constantly with a matchstick. Boil the butter briskly, stirring thoroughly. Genuine butter will boil quietly, with the production of considerable froth or foam, which may even boil up over the side of the spoon. Renovated butter (and also oleomargarine) on the other hand, will boil noisily, sputtering and acting like a mixture of grease and water, but will yield little or no foam. The difference in the amounts of froth or foam is very marked, and acts as a conclusive test as to the nature of the butter."

As every housewife and every food handler knows, one of the most perishable of all articles of diet is meat. This fact may be attributed to the presence in the meat of all of the conditions that are favorable for the growth and development of decay bacteria. The following test will enable the home chemist to find out if any chemical preservatives are used, such as boric acid, benzoate of sodium, salicylic acid and sulphurous acid. Their detection involves the use of several more or less common reagents.

"To test for boric acid or borax," says Mr. Lemkin, "we use turmeric paper, made by cutting filter paper into strips, dipping into tincture of turmeric and drying. It is on sale in the chemical supply stores. Rub the meat thoroughly with water and filter to remove the solid part. Add five drops of hydrochloric acid, dip a strip of turmeric paper into the liquid, remove and warm over a Bunsen burner. The formation of a bright, almost cherry-red color on drying shows boric acid or borax. Pour one drop of ammonia on the paper, and the color changes to dark green or greenish black.

"The coal-tar dyes, of which there is an endless variety, lend themselves very readily to the coloring of foods and beverages. There is considerable difference of opinion among food scientists whether all the materials used for coloring foods are injurious to the body. But there is little doubt in regard to the effect of many of these dyes, as they are harmful. Mr. Lemkin points out the use of even approved materials may constitute a fraud, if they are employed to give a false appearance to foods.

"To test fruit products, as well as any other foods, for artificial coloring matter," Mr. Lemkin explains, "heat a small quantity in boiling water. Place in this liquid a small woolen cloth. Boil for five to ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove the cloth and wash in hot water. If the cloth is brightly colored, the presence of artificial dyes is shown. Natural colors give a dull, pinkish brown tinge.

"A simple method of detecting the addition of foreign material to ground coffee, such as chicory, caramel, peas and roasted grains as corn, wheat and rye is to shake the sample with cold water and let it settle. Pure coffee contains a large amount of oil, therefore most of the particles will float. Nearly all coffee substitutes are heavier than water and sink, carrying along some of the real coffee and coloring the water with a brownish tinge. If there is a large deposit of sediment, the coffee is adulterated. Since coffee contains no starch, while the cereal and legume adulterants (as corn and peas, have large quantities of this nutrient, a chemical test may also be performed to determine purity. Boil the coffee with water for two or three minutes. Filter, cool completely, and add a drop of iodine. The well-known deep blue color will indicate the presence of any starchy adulterant.

"The process of food preservation by canning, or protecting from air and sterilising, has developed to an enormous extent. Fortunately, most of the food is prepared in such a way as to be entirely wholesome. Occasionally we find a can, the contents of which have begun to spoil or ferment, with the generation of gases and a consequent swelling or bulging of the can."

Before opening each can should be tested for bulging by pressing on it at both the top and bottom.

Mr. Lemkin gives the following test to determine the presence of salts of tin, iron and lead in such canned products.

Mix some of the juice from an old can of fruit with a little of a strong infusion of tea. Since the tea contains tannic, it will form a black coloration if any iron is present.

Explains Phenomenon of Blowing Hot and Cold

IN the collection of fables attributed to Aesop there is a fable on the subject of blowing hot and cold. A man who lost his way in the woods on a Winter night was invited to take shelter in the cell of a satyr. The stranger, as he entered the cell, held his hands near his mouth and blew on them. Upon being asked by the satyr why he did this, he replied

"My hands are cold and my breath warms them."

Later when a dish of hot porridge was placed before him the man raised a spoonful of it to his mouth and blew upon it. Again the satyr asked for an explanation.

"The porridge is too hot," replied the guest, "and my breath cools it."

This was too much for the host. "Get out," exclaimed the satyr. "I will have nothing to do with a man who blows hot and cold with the same breath."

Everyone knows that if a person blows forcefully upon his hand through nearly closed lips it has a cooling effect; but if he blows gently with the mouth open it has a warming effect. Moisture in the skin is responsible for this difference, according to the explanation science gives. In the first case the breath is expelled so rapidly that it cools the skin by evaporing the moisture, while in the second case the skin comes in contact with the warm air without losing much of its moisture.

Heat, like time, is measured only by its loss. If a person blows upon a thermometer instead of the skin the effect in both cases will be the same, or else reversed, because the instrument registers only the actual temperature.

The cooling effect of an electric fan is due to the fact that each puff of air absorbs heat and moisture as it passes over the skin. The fan, in reality, raises the temperature of a room by setting the air in rapid motion.

Record Energy Output Of Typist While At Work

FOR demonstration purposes, the Carnegie Institution recently set up in its offices at Washington a glass box to contain a person operating a typewriter. That is to say, the upper part of the box was paneled on all four sides with plate glass, so that the occupant could be seen at work. Means were provided, of course, for supplying her with air to breathe.

The use of the box, with associated apparatus, was to measure the amount of energy consumed by the typist in operating the writing machine. Energy developed by any kind of muscular exercise is eventually converted into heat—as illustrated by the warmth and sweating consequent upon violent physical effort. Thus it was possible, by measuring the amount of heat given off from the typist's body, to determine with exactness the amount of energy she consumed in the process of typing.

The heat of the human body at rest, for the typist in the box, had first to be measured; the overplus, as recorded by an electric thermometer, was the heat developed as a result of the typing work. The faster the typing, the higher the temperature.

Two electric lamps stood on a shelf at a distance. The glow of one of them represented the amount of energy consumed by the young woman in writing at a rate of fifty words a minute. The glow of the other (half as bright) represented the additional energy developed at seventy-five words a minute.

Crockeryware Designed To Tempt Appetite Of Convalescent

SPECIAL china dishes are now being designed and made for the use of convalescents in hospitals, according to a recent booklet, "The Perfect Tray," by Helen Evangeline Olison, chief dietetist of the Pennsylvania Hospital of Philadelphia. In her introduction the writer quotes from Charles Lamb: "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery."

The slower loss of heat from china—said to be about one-third the rate of silver—and its lighter weight as compared to metal, commend its use for tray service, according to the author. Graceful shapes, pleasing to the eye and lending themselves to decoration as well as to convenient and attractive arrangement on a tray, have been chosen for the dishes.

Dainty designs and colors in harmony with a homelike atmosphere of cheerfulness and hospitality, which the modern institution aims for, have been carefully selected. This newer type of china frequently overcomes the caprice of patients and is hoped to help greatly in their enjoyment of a meal.

Dishes of the proper size for individual portions—special covers for cereal, vegetable, soup, sugar and toast dishes and lock tops for coffee, tea and chocolate pots—are among the features of these newer designs. Photographs show a variety of tastefully prepared trays, arranged for house diet, for a modified house diet, for special diet, for soft diet, for children's diet, for liquid diet, for nourishment and for afternoon tea.

Wood Gas as Fuel for Motors Proves a Success

WHEN wood is carbonised to make charcoal, great volumes of gases are thrown off and usually wasted. The problem of utilising these gases as fuel for gasoline motors has occupied the attention of French scientists for several years. Ever since the first efforts were made, in France, to substitute the "gas of the forests"—which is called "gasogene"—for gasoline in trucks and heavy motors, strenuous efforts have been made to adapt carburetors to the use of this unique fuel.

Now, according to reports, equipment for the manufacture of "gasogene" has been perfected and carburetors and motors have been adjusted to use it. At the recent Forestry Exposition near Versailles, "gasogene" manufacturing equipment and several types of vehicle motors using it were shown. Prominent among these were a luxurious touring car and a truck.

Details of the process of manufacturing "gasogene" are not very clear, according to The Scientific American, but it is understood that the gases given off from the charcoal kiln during the burning are collected, passed through water to be cooled and condensed, and are then placed in containers that are later to be mounted on the vehicle. It is simply a process of distillation of the resinous substance of woods.

Childhood's Education Reviewed by British Scientists

EDUCATIONAL science has made tremendous strides since the last meeting of the British Association in South Africa in 1905, said C. W. Kimmins, M.A., D.Sc., Chief Inspector of the Department, London County Council, in his presidential address to the Educational Science Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its recent meeting in Capetown.

Discussing modern movements in education, Mr. Kimmins said one of the most significant changes in educational science since 1905 was the change in attitude towards the very young child, particularly in intelligence tests, which he endorsed.

Dealing with the question of the child of under six years, he said: "The difficulty is that although parenthood is the most important profession in the world, there is at present no specific preparation for it and there is no immediate prospect of a higher standard of parenthood. Yet it is clear that in dealing with the young child there is a distinct need of expert guidance. If, however, the home and the nursery school work together the problem of children who eventually become a burden upon the state will rapidly decrease in number. There can be no doubt whatever that with a well-organized nursery school system there will be a significant advance in the mental, physical and social welfare of the children."

Discussing some of the psychological peculiarities of the very young child, he pointed out that a remarkable difference exists between the world of the child and the world of the adult, which difference presents very serious difficulties in the study of young children. Too often in the past there has been insistence on the child's adoption of the adult position before the appropriate time in his mental growth had been reached. One of the most interesting and at the same time one of the most important features in the world of the child was the vivid imagination peculiar to the years of childhood.

Invisible Friend

"THIS is at the stage when the invisible friend or other childish phantasy makes appearance," he said. "It took him a long time to fully recognise himself as a separate entity in his environment. At three years he fully recognises that the Teddy bear and the golliwog in whom he confided had no power of understanding or of effective response, and then the visible inanimate was replaced by the invisible inanimate of childish phantasy."

Some of the most important discoveries of the nature of the child's response to educational method had been made through a study of the capacity for acquirement of facts of chimpanzees and other anthropoid forms. It was found through these experiments that modes of behaviour that have become a matter of course with adult humans may be expected to appear in a more plastic form in the life of the ape and the simplest acts of intelligence can in this way be brought under scientific observation. The data thus obtained was invaluable to the investigator of childish psychology.

"Apart from the new attitude to the preschool child, the most important movement since 1905 is the coming of the intelligence test and its incorporation as an essential element in the general scheme of education. Probably more research has been carried out in recent years in connection with tests for intelligence than in any other department of educational activity. Even if only rough approximations could be secured in the measurement of native ability, nevertheless, the advantage of such a discovery would naturally make a very strong appeal to the minds of progressive educationalists. The researches of Binet and Simon clearly point the way to attainment of a means of estimating innate intelligence. As a consequence the Binet-Simon scale has been the starting point of an enormous amount of original research on a subject which was destined to yield a rich harvest to the investigator if a really satisfactory working method of testing native ability could be obtained.

School Promotions

"INTELLIGENCE tests," continued Mr. Kimmins, "in connection with school organisation are found to be of great value as an additional factor in promoting children from class to class. It is evident that as there is a wide range of native ability in boys and girls of the same age anything in the nature of a rigid chronological basis in school classification must be profoundly unsatisfactory. Not only that; imperfect classification may, and frequently does, inflict serious injury on the misplaced child. The supernormal boy or girl placed in a class with children of the same age but of markedly inferior ability runs a great risk of becoming an exceptionally lazy person, though he or she may without the slightest difficulty be at the top of the form or class and be the recipient of wholly unmerited praise.

"In the award of scholarships the intelligence test should play an important part. It is not sufficient to judge the candidate entirely by his educational achievement, which may simply be result of very careful preparation. It is necessary also to be assured that his native ability is such that he will be able to make good use of the facilities available at the place of higher education for admission to which he is a candidate."

Another application of the intelligence test the speaker considered important was that of discovered vocational ability. In recent tests on a large group of boys and girls the ability in this direction of each was found. On making enquiries after the whole group had employment it was recorded that of those following the advice given at the test more than eighty per cent were satisfied with their work, their prospects and their pay, while of those who did not follow the advice more than sixty per cent were dissatisfied and most of those who were more satisfied were so because of conditions not connected with their innate adaptability to the work they were doing. It was also found that those who followed the advice given had proved more efficient and successful in their work and had in an all-around way been superior to the run of those who rejected the advice.

"The practical applicability of the intelligence test to the affairs of everyday financial and commercial life is not to be questioned," the speaker concluded.

"Argosies of Magic Sails"

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."
—From Locksley Hall, written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1842

Thus a poet's rich clairvoyance guided his majestic pen,
And, with syllables prophetic, wrote the destinies of men.
Peered into a mystic crystal, saw the century to come,
Sensed an age replete with power through a human medium.

How that sage romantic poet now would thrill, his dream come true!
How his eyes would shine, beholding all our highways in the blue!
And on seeing flying giants, bearing passengers and mails,
Could he do aught else but name them "Argosies of magic sails"?
—N. Y. Times.

Freezing Fish Saves Weight Frenchmen Find

IT has long been the custom of French vessels engaged in the Iceland and Newfoundland Bank fisheries to salt down their catches. Now an innovation is being introduced.

Following experiments with fishing vessels near home, the French four-masted barkentine Zaspiakbat was equipped with newly devised, rapid refrigeration machinery. She sailed for the Iceland and Newfoundland grounds last March.

When fish are salted the loss in weight is calculated at about fifty per cent. In the new refrigeration process, by which the fish are taken to market in a fresh frozen condition, the loss will be cut down probably more than half.

Most people nowadays do not wish to stay at home; they want to move about as far and as fast and as often as they can.—Sir Reginald Blomfield.

British Scientists Hold Discussion on Lost Continent

AT a combined meeting of the Geology, Zoology and Botany Sections of the British Association held at Johannesburg last month, there was a discussion on the hypothetical continent of Gondwanaland, which is supposed to have bridged the area between Africa and South America, now covered by the South Atlantic. Professor Watson treated the question from the biological point of view. He traced marked resemblances in the reptile life in the existing continents, quoting the case of the decynodon, the most characteristic of the snakes of the Karroo, which was found also in South America, Madagascar, India and Australia. He went on to deduce from the peculiar similarity in the flora, reptiles and glacial conditions that there must have been some great equatorial continent between Africa and South America, possibly extending to Australia. The professor mentioned an interesting resemblance in animal life to bear out the Gondwanaland theory, the ling fish, which can live out of water as well as in it, is found in fresh water only in South Africa and South America, the two species being almost indistinguishable.

Dr. Du Toit (South Africa) declared that the former existence of Gondwanaland was almost indisputable, as it was indicated by a wealth of evidence; it still remained an open question, however, as to whether the sections of several continental fragments had been united in the past by narrow land bridges, or whether they had been geographically closer to one another in the past, as advocated under the well-known Hegener theory of displacement.

Dr. Du Toit showed a map of the Southern Hemisphere, in which the position of the continents was slightly altered to show how easily South America fitted into the eastern side of Africa, and India and Madagascar into the northeastern part of Africa. This speaker dealt at great length with the similarities in the flora of the continents concerned, and pointed out that there were also very strong rock resemblances.

Supersensitive Teuton Flees From Rude Publicity

SO many copies of the war book "All Quiet on the Western Front" have been sold that its German author, Erich Maria Remarque, fled from Berlin to escape publicity. Over a million copies of the book have been sold. "It's success left me cold," he said recently. "Far from giving me pleasure, it made me feel inexpressibly sad and helpless. Perhaps I shall never write anything more. Why should I add yet another to the vast army who write from vanity?"

The nose elevation on the back seat of a limousine is not bounded by race, color or previous condition of servitude, either, and therefore is entirely constitutional.—The Fort Worth Recording-Telegram.

Offer No Explanation of Singing Sands' "Note"

SINGING, musical or "barking" sand is the popular name of certain sands and gravels which produce a peculiar sound when trodden upon, driven over with vehicle, shaken, or stirred with a stick. The noise emitted is not really a singing sound. According to the United States Geological Survey, it is better described as something between a crunch and a squeak. It is similar but not quite the same as the sound produced by snow when trodden upon or driven on in very cold weather. But it has, as a rule, a fairly definite pitch and a tone relatively pure, and therefore, while it is not a musical note, it is notwithstanding noticeably different from a mere noise.

The phenomenon seems to have no relation to the composition of the water, for singing beaches are found on the shores of the sea, of salt water lakes, and of fresh water lakes. Nor can it be proved that the particular shape of the grains forming the sand and gravel is responsible. Some singing sand has been described as consisting largely of sharp, angular grains, with few smoothly rounded particles, while some is said to consist largely of smoothly round, even and well polished grain.

Sawdust for Fuel

SAWDUST, a waste product of lumber mills, can be converted into a fuel with a heating value equivalent to that of three-fourths of its weight in bituminous coal and at a cost of $1.64 a ton, according to Dr. C. A. Basore, of the Department of Chemistry at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. The sawdust is partly carbonised and pressed into briquets.

A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt a little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.
—W. Blake

Father: "So you've already begun to find that married life has its troubles?"

Daughter: "Yes, Ted's a dear old thing, but sometimes he won't listen to reason."

Father: "He ought to be ashamed of himself. Not every married man has the chance."

There is talk of linking the two Americas. Maybe it could be done with chain stores.—The Toledo Blade.

A Page For CHILDREN

Kidnapped—A Beach Story

"RUTHIE," called little three-year-old Frances, "Ruthie, please take me to the beach. I want to play wif my pail and shovel."

It was holiday time and they were camping by the sea at Ocean Park.

"Oh, pshaw!" thought Ruth impatiently. "I do wish you wouldn't bother me, Frances," she protested, "I'm just in the most exciting part of my story."

Ruth had received a lovely copy of "Treasure Island" the day before, and she was deeply engrossed in its thrill and adventure.

"Please, Ruthie," pleaded Frances, again trying to break through to Ruth's attention.

"Ruth," called her mother in no uncertain terms, "leave your book at once and take Little Brown Eyes to the beach."

Very reluctantly Ruth closed her book. Tucking it under her arm, she started down the long hill towards the beach with Frances.

She was unusually quiet, her mind still dwelling on the thrilling adventures she hed been reading. Quite happy to heve gotten her wey, Frances prattled gaily by her side.

"Let us count one, two, free," she suggested as they came to the flight of steps leading to the railway cut. So they counted one, two, three together down the forty-nine steps. Ruth looked carefully along the track first one way and then the other to be sure that no trains were coming. Crossing the track, they climbed over the rocks down to the beach.

"Ruth, help me make castles, please," coaxed Frances when they had found a nice sunny spot.

"All right," agreed Ruth. "I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's make it on an island with a robber's cave, where the bad old pirates will hide."

"What's pi'ates?" asked Frances, as she carried wet sand while Ruth fashioned the castle and island.

"Pirates are very bad men who live in caves and rob people. Sometimes they live in castles, then when the soldiers attack them, they escape through a tunnel to their caves. This is their tunnel I am making now, see," and she showed Frances the hole she had made through to daylight on the other side.

"I don't like pi'ates 'at hide in nasty old caves," decided Frances aloud.

Tiring at last of their game, "Frances," persuaded Ruth, "you play with your pail and shovel now, while I read for awhile."

Ruth was soon lost in her book as she followed the exciting adventures of the fierce John Silver and his crew. Some time later she was aroused by the thunder of the train passing on the tracks behind her.

"Where was Frances?" Ruth glanced about quickly in every direction, but could see no sign of her little sister.

Where could she have gotten to? "Frances, Frances, where are you?" she called out again and again, but there was no answer.

What if she had climbed to the railway track and been run over by the train! Terrified, Ruth climbed the rocks to the track, afraid of what she might see. But though she ran along for some distance she found no trace of Frances.

Climbing down to the beach again, she ran along the shore, searching around the huge boulders for the missing baby.

Even the pail and shovel were gone, too. To the excited Ruth it seemed that the earth must have simply opened up and swallowed Frances, pail and all.

What if she couldn't find her, ever? Suppose Little Brown Eyes had walked into the water and been drowned while she was reading. Why had she brought her old book with her? Perhaps she had been kidnapped. What if old John Silver or some of his crew had grabbed Frances and carried her away to their caves. Oh, dear, dear!

Ruth was very close to tears. How was she ever going to tell mother that she had lost Little Brown Eyes? To add to her worry she noticed that the tide was coming in strong and would soon be beating against the rocks.

She was close to where they had been sitting when she thought she heard a little laugh. She stopped still and listened carefully. "Francie," she called. Sure enough she heard the same sound apparently from behind the rocks.

Tip-toeing cautiously in the direction of the sound, she came at last to a column of boulders leaning towards each other to form an archway. Huddled in one corner was a tiny figure nursing a pail and shovel.

"Francie!" gasped Ruth so relieved she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"This is my very own tunnel I found mineself," she gurgled. "I was hiding from the bad ole pi'ates. They wouldn't find me here, would they?"

"No, dear, and I almost didn't, either." Ruth shivered as she thought of what might have happened if she hadn't found her Little Brown Eyes before the full tide.

She was very thoughtful as she climbed the long hill home. Perhaps it would be safer if she did not try to mix pirate stories and minding babies together.

A Visit to Vancouver

MY happiest day was in the lovely month of July, 1924. I was playing with a little girl next door, about ten o'clock in the morning, when my Auntie telephoned for me to come home immediately. I was both surprised and excited, for she had said I could stay until lunch time. When I got home Auntie Grace told me my Uncle hed 'phoned from Vancouver, and had asked if I would come and visit him and his wife for about a month. Since I came from the Prairies in 1922 I had not been on a big boat and when I was told that I had to go across the water in one I was delighted.

My clothes were packed and I was ready in about half an hour and in another five minutes we were in the car and driving quickly towards Victoria. Auntie bought my ticket at the C.P.R. ticket office and then put me in charge of a steward who took my suitcase and told me to follow him. He went up a narrow passage-way and around a corner, where there was a large crowd waiting to have their tickets taken. After my turn came I hurried along beside the steward; we went up a "gang-plank" as I call it and then we were on deck.

The day could not have been nicer for the trip and I had a lovely journey. I met some people on the upper deck whom Auntie had asked to look after me. They were very kind and gave me afternoon tea in the dining-room of the ship.

When we arrived in Vancouver, Uncle and Auntie Kitty were there to meet me. We drove home in their car and after we had supped we went down to the Exhibition at Hastings Park. There were many exciting and weird-looking things to see and to ride on such as the Ferris wheel, the Giant Dipper, the Crazy House and several others.

After we had looked around for a while we had a "hot dog" each and started for home.

In bed that night I was thinking that it had been the jolliest, fullest and happiest day I had ever spent.

LOLA MAY HULL,
Aged 14 years.

She Walks in Beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent:
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

—Byron.

Acknowledgments

Dear Editor,—I have just received my cheque this morning for five dollars, and I can't tell you how pleased and proud and delighted I am that I won the prize in the contest of essays on "My Happiest Day."

I have written another little story and I am sending it to you, hoping you will think it good enough to print on "The Page." I couldn't think of a name for it; perhaps I'd better leave it to you.

Yours, with many thanks,
EDNA MICKELSON

525 Craigflower Road, Victoria West, B.C., August 21, 1929

Dear Editor,—I would like to thank The Colonist for the prize they gave for a drawing. I am very grateful to the Children's Page for the competition.

I received the cheque for five dollars on the 14th.

Thanking you very much indeed.

Yours sincerely,
MARY EDNA BAISS

Cobble Hill, Vancouver Island, B.C., August 15, 1929

Saving Up

Bobby has a money-box
On which he keeps his eye
Therein thrifty Bobby-boy
Puts all his pennies by
Saving up is Bobby-boy,
And when he's one-and-twenty
He'll crack that precious money-box
And whistle in his plenty.

Billy has another box,
Not made of wood or tin,
Head it's called, and there he pops
Bright thoughts and knowledge in,
Saving up is Billy-boy
And when he's quite an old 'un,
He'll have a million gracious thoughts
To keep him young and golden.

Saving up is Bobby-boy,
And saving up is Billy
One's the wiser of the two,
But neither boy is silly.

—C.N.

Sister, Awake!

Sister, awake! Close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping;
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! Make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a-maying!

—From Thomas Bateson's First Set of British Madrigals, 1604.

LITTLE TWO-EYES

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

The fairy said, "Little Two-Eyes, why do you cry?"

"I am hungry," said Two-Eyes.

The fairy said, "Do not cry. When you are hungry call the little black goat and say, 'Little goat, bring my table up.' And when you have all you want, say, 'Little goat, take the table away.'"

5

Two-Eyes called the goat and said, "Little goat, bring my table up."

Up came a lovely table with turkey and cranberries and all kinds of good things to eat.

Two-Eyes ate all she could. Then she said, "Little goat, take the table away." And away went the table. Then Two-Eyes went home.

7

Something About the Alphabet

HAVE you ever wondered how the alphabet came to look as it does, why our letters, the A B C's, were shaded and formed as they now are? If you believe they were simply made that way all at once, or designed in a few days or weeks or years, you are mistaken, for they grew into their present appearance from simpler letters that were written on ancient papyrus, stone and clay tablets thousands of years ago. And many of them came to us, very much changed, from the Phoenicians, who were a civilised people when Europeans were still barbarians.

The Phoenicians used the alphabet shown in the first column of the picture. You can see that some of their letters, especially the A, D, K, K, N and Q were very similar to our own, while their O is exactly the same as the English letter; and you will note that many of the other letters of the old alphabet have at least some similarity to that which we use today. But the Phoenicians were great travelers and traders and they carried their alphabet with them to all parts of the known world. The people with whom they traded learned this alphabet and in time came to use parts of it, just as we today use parts of the languages of other people. And in time, these borrowers of the Phoenician alphabet changed it slightly.

Now look at the second column of these various alphabets and note how the Greeks did a little of this changing. Then compare this second column of the old Greek letters with the third column of the later Greeks and with the fourth column of Latin letters. You will note that the changes were slow, but that almost every letter of these later alphabets came from the first one. The Latin letters of the fourth column are about the same as those we use today.

The change has always been from rather complicated characters to simpler forms so that their writing was easier. And while our present letters may look simple to us today, they, too, will be gradually changed; and if you could live a thousand years from today, you might be able to see additional changes in them made by our descendants of the next ten centuries.

Lord Baden-Powell, LL.D.

THE King has made Sir Robert Baden-Powell a lord. He is a old man now and will not long enjoy that well-deserved honor. Perhaps he valued as much the words spoken when the University of Liverpool conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, always given to men who have served their fellow-men well.

The words of the Vice-Chancellor of the University will find an echo in many hearts:

"Today," said he, "we greet and acclaim and take to ourselves a man illustrious in the arts of peace and of war, a model of chivalry, a pattern of courage and of courtesy, a visionary who has brought noble dreams to noble fulfilment, a practical idealist. Soldier and sportsman, writer and sculptor, traveler in many lands, he has learned in the lively school of experience to turn romantic hope to assured reality, and has given unity to his many gifts by dedicating them in love and loyalty to his God, his King and his country. The world has been his university, but England is his home."

He will, too, have read with pleasure the words of the editor of The Children's Newspaper and added a prayer that they may be fulfilled.

Now the 50,000 Scouts are going home. Some have already turned back, but they will never be the same Scouts again. Nor will the world nor the lands from which they came be the same again.

Every Scout goes back with a new invisible Order of Knighthood bound about his young brow. In the old fable the dragon's teeth were sown in the earth, to spring up as armed men ride for destruction, but at the Jamboree the seeds that were sown were those of duty, self-sacrifice, friendliness to man and beast and a knightly code of charity, courtesy, honor and courage.

From these seeds will spring up the Sons of the Morning. They are being transplanted to many different regions of the world. They are the founders of the young League of Nations the world awaits.

A Lad's Indignation

Dear Mr. Editor,—Please could find a place in the Children's Page for this little letter?

Last Sunday when I was out for a walk with some friends on Gordon Head Road, we heard an awful noise coming from the bush, so I went to see what it was. There in a sack were four baby kittens about a month old. I have one at home now, but as we already have one cat I will have to have it killed, but I would rather kill it myself than have it die of hunger, and I think that people who take kittens and drop them in the country ought to be shot.

FROM A BOY READER.

An Appreciation

Dear Editor,—I would very much like to compliment the little boy who contributed to your Children's Page the verses entitled "The Young Deer." The poem—and it can be called that, for indeed it is more than a collection of rhyming lines—has a musical sound and draws a beautiful little picture. I hope John will write some more "pictures."

(MRS.) EDNA BAISS

Cobble Hill, August 19, 1929.

The Adventures of Peanuts and Popcorn

Related by Mrs. Peanuts, First Prize Winner, Vancouver Fair, in Pet Stock Class

WELL, children, I'm certainly glad it is all over—I mean the exhib-itions. Of course, I didn't want to go, but the children need a change and a chance to see life. Now I must start at the beginning. The Boss worked very late on the night before we left on the Sidney and Steveston ferry for Vancouver, and managed to get our new ex-hi-bition cage ready in time. He tied it on the side of the bizz-bizz, and we had a fine fast ride to Sidney. The children did not know what it was all about at first. As most of you have seen the cage I will not describe it. At Vancouver we went to the Poultry Show, and a judge said, "Oh, give them first prize because there isn't any com-pet-i-tion." I asked the Boss where were the other squirrels, and he said they were afraid to show against me and my children. They were all hiding in the woods. We had a fine time there, but did not see as many people as we did at the Victoria Fair. One afternoon the Boss took little Margaret to the Blind Institution stall, and the President, a blind lady named Mrs. Scott, took Margaret in her hands and felt her, and held her against her face. She said, "Oh, you soft little darling. Do you know this is the first time I have ever seen a squirrel." A lady amongst the crowd who were looking on, looked at the Boss, and then took a handkerchief out and blew her nose, whilst she walked slowly away, wiping her eyes.

On the way back Margaret got a terrible fright. The Boss took her to a big tent, and showed her three big undressed (unfurred) animals as big as two bizz-bizzes, and they had each two tails—one at each end. One tail was used for picking up hay and taking peanuts offered to them by children. She told me they moved their ears back and forth. Their skins were very dirty and muddy too. Of course, I have never seen anything like that in the woods, so I told Margaret that they might be big, men-made machines.

Coming back the Boss took us through Vancouver to show us how nice the people decorate the streets with flags and banners. They do this nearly all Summer, because they have so many con-ven-tions.

The trip back was nice because we were not placed too close to the engines of the Motor Princess. At Steveston, it was funny to see so many Japanese fishermen, and their wives and children. The River Fraser here is very wide, and is very muddy in the Summer. You can see the muddy water almost to Mayne Island. We passed a lot of fishermen's motor-boats, all trying to get a lot of salmon in nets.

When we got back on Saturday, the Boss put me back in my old cage, and I had a glorious time in the Bardsley Special. I believe I made it go around two thousand times nearly before I stopped to have something to eat. Pop never asked me much about the trip. He is getting terribly lazy, and sleeps nearly all the time. The Boss let him out on Sunday and he stayed out all night. I was so put out, as it is such a bad example for the children. The Boss found him up a tree out on the street, and he came down like a bad boy. The Boss says Pop will be taking up golfing next.

We had a fine time at the Willows Fair. Stayed there all the week, and met thousands of friends and acquaintances. The Boss let all of us at dif-fer-ent times have a ride in the runabout. The children like it fine, but we don't allow them to stay in too long.

One afternoon a blinded soldier and his wife came, and the Boss took out little Donald, and he felt him and was very pleased to meet him.

The Boss asked me if I noticed how many of the older people, mostly men, stopped and smiled at the antics of our children. Nearly all the men were thinking about when they were boys and used to see a lot of squirrels back East, and in the Old Country. The Boss said sometimes old people like to think back about their boyhood and girlhood days.

This morning, I mentioned to Cora about the smart-ness of young people nowadays. I told her about little Donald. I gave him a task at the Willows to count all the people that came into the poultry building on Wednesday afternoon. When I went in to get their breakfast ready on Thursday morning—oh, I forgot to tell you that I stay in my own coop now and just go in and see the children in the mornings and clean up the place a bit—Donald handed me a sheet with the following written on it: Number of people to see us, 4H578029. I asked him what kind of counting that was, and what do you think the little rascal told me? He said that was the new and latest Californian kind, as he had seen it on all the licence numbers of cars from that state. Well, well.

I hope all the children that came and did not see us will not mind too much. I guess they did not know that we get up at 3 in the morning and go to sleep in the heat of the day, and then come out for exer-cise at night at sundown. Hope to see you all soon again.

Squirrelville Locals

ON Thursday some kind friend left a fine bag of brazils and filberts at the Boss' front door. Thanks and good luck.

On Friday, as the Boss was feeding Cora and her friends, the Misses Jean, Barbara, Betty and Master Maurice O'Donoghue called and were disappointed to find the Chickarees away. The Boss took them home in the bizz-bizz and their mother gave permission for them to go to the Willows to see the Chickarees and the sights. A good time was had by all.

Owing to a shortage in sunflower seeds, the Boss engaged Will Chapman, of B. & K., to go to Siberia to get a load. These arrived on Friday, and the Chickarees have had a few fine feeds already. Thanks, Will.

The Misses Alma and Eleanor Hourston called with their Daddy on Sunday, and Pop demon-strated the runabout. Call again, girls.

Masters Douglas, Leonard and Gilbert Simmons, of Blenkinsop Road, called and spent a pleasant time with the Chickarees on Wednesday.

Jack Webb and Charlie Dunnaway exercised Master Donald and Miss Jean in the runabout on Saturday morning. The two young Chickarees were a little hazy as to the running of the machine at first, both trying to go different ways at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass-Chickaree and family desire to thank Mr. Bill Pye, in charge of the Poultry Bldg., for many kindnesses during the week.

Philip Snowden, the Weaver's Son

SIXTY years ago a little boy went to the lowest class in one of the schools of the important manufacturing town of Keighley in Yorkshire. He was a fair blue-eyed child. His father was a weaver and in those days the big machines were taking work away from the hand-weavers. We may suppose that the children in the Snowden home did not enjoy many treats. But Master Philip had a very clear brain. He loved the arithmetic hour and took a good place in his class. He must have been very industrious to earn enough to enable him to stay at school or at least to study till he was fit to pass the Civil Service examinations.

When he was twenty-two young Snowden was appointed a civil servant. No doubt he and all his friends thought he was settled for life. Then a terrible thing happened. He was thrown from a bicycle and the injury made him a cripple. He had to resign his position. Many a man would have become a burden on his relatives or on the country. But Snowden used his time in reading and thinking. He taught his friends, the working people, that an education was within the reach of all who had the ability to gain it.

Now this lame man is Chancellor of the British Exchequer, one of the highest offices in the country. He has succeeded in persuading the chief statesmen and bookkeepers of Europe that Great Britain has a right to a much larger sum of money than they had agreed to give her.

Of him it might be said, as was written long ago, "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall not be afraid to stand before kings." The weaver's son has done well.

At School Again

FROM all directions the pupils gathered on Tuesday last to take their places in their classes. Tomorrow they will know just where to go and what they have to do.

It is a very pleasant sight to watch the wee folk in their pretty frocks and suits take their places in line on sunny mornings. Their eyes are so bright and their faces so sweet and earnest. There were tears in the eyes of many a mother as she turned away on that first day and left her little son or daughter for the first time in the care of another. But now the small pupils are proud and happy as they leave for their schools. There are so many nice new things to do, and they are beginning to love and trust the teacher who shows them how to do them. The primary classrooms with their songs and exercises, their colored chalks and pleasant talks are happy places to the scores and scores of small learners. Of course sitting still and keeping quiet are not easy yet, but before long obedience to the rules of school will have been learned.

Older children all through the grades have new teachers. Most of them welcome the change of work. Some of it is hard, to be sure. But then they are beginning to learn that difficulties can be overcome when one tries hard enough.

Some of the principals have gone away. At the George Jay School boys and girls were very sorry to say good-bye to Mr. Hall, who has been with them ever since they can remember. He has taught them how to play as well as to work and has been their friend as well as their leader. But then, he has been promoted and will now have teachers for pupils. The editor joins with the children in wishing him good luck.

Some new teachers have come to town. It will be so much easier and pleasanter if the boys and girls do their share of the school work cheerfully and earnestly instead of thinking of everything as a task to be shirked when possible. However good pupils may be, the teacher's share of the work is the hardest.

There are shouts and laughter from the playgrounds all round, warning the editor that there must be no more preaching. Just one word, though. There will be and are already strangers among you. Their dress, perhaps, is odd, their speech strange to your ears. Be kind to them. Don't let them feel lonely or homesick.

How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us!—J. M. Barrie.

We know that these word chains will make you think of school, and that's an agreeable subject just now.

Change SEAT to DESK in five moves.
Change BOOK to READ in five moves.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julia A. Dimock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

NOW that utility poultry-keepers are doing a good bit of showing in the special classes arranged for them, it is about time the terms "pullet" and "cockerel" were clearly defined and the same rules made to apply to utilitarian and fancier alike.

The trouble arises from the difference of opinion between the two groups. To the fancier a pullet is a bird that has been hatched in the same year in which it is shown. But the egg producer looks upon a layer as a pullet until it comes to the end of its first laying season, that is, when it is about sixteen or seventeen months old. If a fancier is going to show in the pullet or cockerel classes at a fixture held before the end of August, he has got to hatch his birds on or after January 1. A few fanciers may take a mean advantage and hatch their birds earlier than this; but the vast majority of them are straightforward and never set an egg before December 11. But we can tell you it takes a man all his time to get a January 1 hatched bird in fit condition for an early show. For later shows there is no difficulty, for there is plenty of time to get the birds sufficiently forward to stand a good chance in any company. The fancier's definition of the term goes against him. It would be much better, for the early shows at any rate, were the rule altered. It is too much to hope that fanciers will change their ideas on the subject, but there is a suggestion we should like to make. Without interfering with the meaning of the word pullet and cockerel, would it be possible to arrange that for all shows prior to the end of August the two classes should be available to birds under twelve months? This would overcome the difficulty to a great extent and would, moreover, make the Summer shows more worth visiting.

The Neck-Hackle

THE hackle—or, to be more precise for the purposes of this note, the neck-hackle—can teach you more about a bird than would at first appear to be the case. You know the thing we mean: the feathers long and pointed in the male and thinner in the female that grow from the neck. The lower ends of these protrude on to the back feathering when the neck is upright, and when a hen is broody with her head nestled down, the neck-hackle covers up almost all the back feathering. The color or tint of the hackle on show birds is of the utmost importance. Thus, for instance, on a Light Sussex cock it must be "black," centred and entirely surrounded with a white margin and finishing in a decidedly white point, not a black tip or black outer edging. Health, to a certain extent, can also be determined by the neck-hackle. A bird in good health has a close, silky, well-placed hackle as compared to that possessed by an unhealthy fowl, which feels rough and heavy, lacks lustre and is carried loosely. The neck-hackle also gives you an idea of the docility in a female. If when handled she sticks out the hackle from the back of the head you can be fairly sure that she is a bad-tempered bird and likely to be a poor layer.

Why Not Double Run-Ups?

YOU do not see the advantage? Well, let us try and explain. It is like this: A hen feeds, drinks, gets its grit and lays its eggs inside the house, consequently the birds are continually hopping backwards and forwards between the run and the house. Now the easier a bird can get into the house the more often will it go in, whereas if a bird has a "fag" to find the way in she will put off going in until she finds it really necessary to do so. This is a proved fact, and it follows, therefore, that a bird will not eat as much mash or shell or drink as much water as it should to keep itself in perfect health.

On the other hand, should it find the entrance straight away, it will mount the steps and feed, etc., with the least trouble. This peculiarity is rather a psychological one, but it is nevertheless true in practice. With high exits the bird will hang about in the run until nature emphasizes the importance of feeding by making it feel hungry. But by supplying the entrance with two-way boards the hen has no trouble to find her way in. This also lessens the nuisance of hens laying outside in the run.

Enemies of Ducks

WE often pat ourselves on the back as duck-keepers since these birds are not so susceptible to disease as are fowls. This is right enough, but we must not crow too loudly, for there are other duck enemies which we have to guard against in some parts of the country. Whenever we get the chance we give the growing stock its liberty, with access to swimming water. This is excellent for the birds, helping them to build up sound constitutions, but it is not quite so good if the pond or stream is rat-infested.

Have you ever had ducklings disappear mysteriously after you have let them out in the morning. We know for a fact that some young ducks were taken and eaten by water rats. Only this Spring—writes a correspondent—we watched a brood of ducklings on the water when a rat came along, pulled one underneath, and in a few minutes came up to the surface on the opposite bank, where it regaled itself with a mighty feast. Good for the rat maybe, but not good for our pockets.

But rats are not the only denizens of the water which appreciate a meal of duckling. We have heard of a case—the writer—in which ducklings were allowed to swim on a large pond. The youngsters went off one by one, and there was no accounting for it. At last, however, it was discovered that some old pike were in the water and it was these which did the damage.

Every duck-keeper has got to be on the watch to see that rooks do not run off with the eggs as soon as they are laid. We have told you of different ways in which these birds can be kept at bay. But rooks are certainly not to be blamed for all the duck eggs which we fail to find. In one place where there was not an earthly chance for a rook to get at the eggs and where it was known that rats were not accountable, egg production was too low to be real. Eventually it was found that grey squirrels were the culprits.

If Bird Breaks a Leg

IT is the simplest thing in the world for a fowl to have bones broken, especially the leg. It may get caught in some awkward part of a hopper or house, a coop shutter may fall on to it or the attendant may catch it with his boot, but fortunately fractures in poultry heal quickly. If the break is so serious that the bone protrudes through the skin boracic ointment should be gently placed on it and then the broken ends of the bone should be brought together, taking care that the limb is kept in the natural shape. The next job is to fashion thin pieces of wood in the shape of the limb to act as splints. To keep these in position a piece of cotton bandage is wound around. The common practice is to tie this with cotton or thread, but we find the best way is to stiffen the bandage, for which plaster of Paris, liquid glue or ordinary glue may be used. The bandage is soaked in the solution and then wound round the splints. It soon sets and makes a fine protection until in six or seven days' time it may be removed. If the bone is not set and hard, of course you will have to replace the bandage for a short time.

Very Vital Vitamins

AND still they come. Once upon a time, and not so long ago, we were content with knowing a little about three vitamins. Now there are six, but the average hard-working poultry-keeper has not the time to bother with them all. But luckily for us, this is not necessary. The latest vitamin, called F, is very important for the promotion of normal growth and the development of birds, but as it is present in cod liver oil—and possibly in heaps of other foods as well—we can give it the go by—at least, we need not worry about it.

We are often asked to account for lameness in laying ducks and, when full details are supplied, this can generally be done successfully. But there is such a number of reasons for this complaint appearing that without all particulars one is at a loss to assign the right cause. One of the commonest reasons is allowing the birds to sleep on damp litter, and especially damp litter that contains a considerable amount of fermenting manure. Dry quarters are essential. Corns are another cause. The birds' feet, too, may get pricked with thorns, bits of wire and the like. Worms trouble ducks more perhaps than they do fowls. And there are so many kinds of intestinal worms which affect this class of stock. A bird that is badly infested frequently goes lame. An egg-bound duck goes lame in time. It is a trouble that is easily righted as are the other causes. Determine the cause and it is generally a simple matter to effect a cure. Of course in the event of any trouble resisting your best efforts to cure it, we shall be delighted to help you through the medium of these notes.

Get Rabbits Ready for Winter

WE hate to mention the dread word Winter, but still Autumn is—almost—right here. And the dull, dreary days are not so very far away. At any rate, it is none too soon to prepare the rabbit hutches for the cold months so that the rabbits will survive safely and cosily until the better days arrive once more.

If you have a "pukka" covered-in rabbitry, you are well off and should experience no trouble—that is, if you now make sure that the roof does not leak, that the boards of the walls have not shrunk in the fierce sunshine of the past Summer and caused draughts, and that there is ample ventilation and light. For a leaky roof, patches of strong tarred roofing felt are the cure. Cracks in the sides of the shed can be stopped up with putty or, better still, can be caulked with tow and covered with pitch. Ventilators or ventilation holes should be examined to see that they are functioning properly and windows, if any, should be cleaned. If there are no windows, steps should be taken immediately to have them put in. Light is most essential during the Winter. Any gauze frames that were put up over doors or windows to keep out flies may now be stored away—of course, after being cleaned, though. Then it would be an advantage thoroughly to clean up the interior of the shed and, if possible, limewash it. With regard to outdoor hutches, the same remarks as to repairing leaks and searching out draughts (by means of a lighted candle placed up against the walls) apply. But no hammering on the hutches while they are tenanted, please! Remove the rabbits to other quarters first.

One other important point—if the hutches have been standing in shade, now move them to a "Winter position"; that is, one where they receive the benefit of every ray of Winter sunshine and yet are sheltered from cold winds.

Sell Your Unwanted Rabbits

YOU are worried, may be, because your rabbitry seems shockingly overcrowded. Wondering what you can do, perhaps. This is a pretty difficulty at this time of year and so it is now that a critical weeding out of the new litters should take place to reduce the stock. The first rabbits to go should be those youngsters which, like Peter Pan, refuse to grow up. They will never do any good and, with a bit of fattening, will make better rabbit pie now than anything else. Angora youngsters that shed their nest fur when about eight weeks old can go. So, too, can badly-colored Havanas—those of a "cafe au lait" color, for instance. The Chinchillas to dispense with are those that have red eyes, dropping ears or have produced their first coat with brownish tinged ticking or no ticking at all.

Finally, obviously weakly youngsters—bow-legged and so on—you can safely say good-bye to, and then, if you are still wanting room, kill off the very quarrelsome youngsters.

Why Not Breed This Autumn?

ANY of you rabbit-keepers going to do some Autumn breeding this year? It certainly pays to do so. Choose as your Autumn breeders the finest of the young rabbits born in the Spring. These will come fresh to the work, whereas older rabbits will be jaded, mothers of this year's litters will be tired, perhaps "fed up," and other rabbits may be moulting. The young bucks and does must be well grown and naturally they must be perfectly healthy. They may be mated when six months old.

Dusty Hay Is Bad for Rabbits

IF you buy only the best hay from a good source for your rabbits you need have no fear of its being anything but good for them. If, however, you are not particular when buying it, it is quite possible that you get an inferior quality. It may, for instance, be very dusty.

Dusty hay, of course, is very bad for rabbits and should be avoided. Not only is it bad for their insides, but the dust sets up a sort of snuffling complaint, inflames eyes and accumulates in ears and nostrils. To avoid these troubles it is a good plan to beat the hay with your hands before putting it in the hutch racks.

Keep Rabbits Off Wet Ground

IF, owing to congested hutches or any other reason it has been necessary to put some of the growing rabbits into temporary hutches or movable pens on the grass, it is very important to make the animals as comfortable as possible; otherwise they will certainly not be likely to furnish first-grade pelts. It is specially necessary, owing to the waterlogged condition of most land during Autumn and Winter, to see that rabbits in pens on the grass are provided with a shelf upon which to lie. If the shelf is a foot from the ground the rabbits will be able to graze under it. There should also be a foot of headroom (at least at one end) to enable the rabbits to sit up and do their toilets on the shelf, as they will do if space permits.

The construction of such a shelf to suit any existing pen or coop need present no serious difficulties to anyone accustomed to doing rough carpentering. It is only necessary to buy a packing case from the nearest grocer and see that it is long enough (most hutches and pens are two feet wide) to go across the hutch. Take the packing case carefully to pieces and the top, bottom and two sides will make four shelves which only need sawing to an exact fit to span the space required. From the ends can be obtained strips of wood which, when nailed in position on each side of the pen, will support the shelf.

If the pen is too low to allow the proper head room under and above the shelf it will be necessary to put the shelf only two or three inches above the ground. This limits the grazing space and necessitates the pen being moved more frequently.

Black Bill and His Friends

HOUSE-BROKEN and kind with children! "Black Bill" looks mildly interested as the Misses Bernice Rondel, Janie Parkhurst and Nancy Shrubb sit astride his broad back. "Black Bill" is reported by his owner to be the largest steer in the world. He weighs 3,600 pounds, is seven years old, and not a thoroughbred. He is owned by George Isaac, Fenelon Falls, Ontario. The photograph was taken at Cream of Barley Camp, near Bowmanville, Ont.

Grizzly Nearly Extinct In Washington and Coast States

THERE are about five adult grizzly bears left for as many lucky hunters in the State of Washington, according to a recent census of forest rangers, and probably four or five more in other Pacific Coast States. In the West, where the grizzlies once ruled the mountain forests, civilization has all but exterminated the creatures. There is material in the life story of the dwindling species upon which to base an epic or to keep a writer of animal fiction supplied for years. Efforts are being made to interest Congress in legislation to protect the few remaining specimens in the United States.

A man's expression is his sacrament; it is the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace, or want of grace.—Samuel Butler

Manuring Without Manure

MANY times over every year we require to point out that no artificial manure can entirely replace natural manure. True enough, good crops may often be raised from gardens for many years without natural manure, but the time comes sooner or later when deterioration sets in with a vengeance. It is just this: Good garden soil must have a lot of humus in it, and humus comes from vegetable and animal matter. All garden soils contain a lot of humus, but a certain amount is used up each season, and if we do not replace the loss then the soil becomes nothing but crude powdered rock, devoid of all fertility. In this note we have nothing further to say about manure, but we wish to show once again that you can get humus without manure. And it is a very important point in these days of manure scarcity.

First of all you may sow down your garden as it falls vacant with rape, mustard, legumes or anything like that. This seed becomes, in time, leafy vegetation which, when dug in during Winter, makes humus. Save all cabbage leaves, refuse from the preparation of dinner (except potato peelings) and anything in the nature of leaves or vegetable matter. All these, when dug in, become humus. Do not despise a load of fibrous turf, the offal from a fish shop or a slaughter house—nasty stuff, may be, but it will rot down and become humus long before next Summer. Then there is sewage and many other things which are of vegetable or animal origin. Not one should be wasted; not an opportunity of utilising these should be neglected, and by so doing you can manure your garden without actual manure.

Spare Friendly Insects

CARE should be taken at all times to avoid interference with or damage to those beneficial insects which are going to receive much more attention in the near future than they have done in the past, when too often the kind of attention given to them has, we fear, only been to destroy them and thus, in ignorance, rob ourselves of some of our best garden friends. With the advanced season many insects will be thinking of their Winter quarters so as to hide up securely until the warmth of Spring calls them out once more. The injurious kinds, moth pupae in the soil and cocoons on fences, under loose bark and so forth, have been referred to several times on this page, and when seen should be preserved to continue their good work on such of the pests as may escape your vigilance. Hover flies are amongst the most useful insects we have in this country. At all stages of their existence they are valuable, for experiments have proved that not only during larval state do they destroy huge quantities of green blight, but when in the adult stage they are second only to the hive bee in the vital work of orchard pollenization. Throughout the late Summer these gaily-painted insects may be seen in crowds engaged busily in the fertilization of both wild and cultivated flowers, thus providing the flower seed for next year. The ladybird beetles and Ichneumon flies are equally important. The former often come for shelter into sheds and outhouses, or hide in the deep crevices of elm bark, whilst the tiny silken cocoons of Ichneumon flies will be found under window sills and fence rails.

When Bulb Planting

BULB flies are rapidly increasing in number and each year they are extending their scope and distribution. The commonest of these flies is that known as Eumerus strigatus, a small insect about the size of an ordinary house fly, black in color with metallic greenish reflections. By laying its eggs on or near the bulbs these pests contrive to rob you of your choice daffodils and narcissi in the Spring border, and are now passing on, according to the latest reports, to onions and parsnips, irises, hyacinths and even the potato. So it is time that something was done about it. The larva or maggots which gnaw out the centres of the bulbs feed, as a rule, from September to March, and are readily recognised as the usual type of yellowish-white fly grub, being from a quarter to half an inch long when full grown. In April this grub changes to a greyish pupa, either in between the scales of the ruined plant or in the soil near by. During May and June the adult flies emerge and pass on to lay eggs in a few days' time on further bulbs. There you have the whole story in a nutshell.

Fruit From the Ground Up

A Series of Articles, Written From Actual Experience on Making a Small Fruit Farm on Vancouver Island

No. II

CLEARING the land on the West Coast of Canada is hard work enough providing one can undertake it with modern machinery, plenty of horse power and all the stumping powder necessary. But when one has limited means and must economise in everything, even with the powder, it becomes a task requiring a great deal of forethought, back-aching labor and infinite patience to say nothing of a certain amount of skill in judgment. For it may seem a simple enough matter to the embryo to cut down a tree and blow out a stump. He does not realise that only a woodsman can gauge where a tree will fall nor how much time it takes to saw through a large trunk; that the powder must be placed exactly in the right spots, not too shallow, not too deep, and that he must know to a nicety how many sticks are required for the size of the stump.

Our land had been partly logged off fifteen years previously, and there were some giant boles left both of fir and cedar. The undergrowth had grown up so thickly that we did not realise at first what a task was before us or what a quantity of blasting there was to do. We learned that by joining the Farmer's Institute we could get a refund on the powder of nearly half the price. So this we did. We hated to begin the cutting.

God's First Temples

THE trees were so beautiful, so stately and they had stood there so long. For while most of the large ones had been cut for lumber, some of them, on account of a few defects, had been spared. These to us were one of the chief charms of the place. One in particular, stood almost directly in front of our house, a mighty thing with wide-spread arms, mothering us and our little home. This should not be touched. For all time it must remain, said Henry and I, as a reminder of what had been. But most of the timber must go if we were to make a living off the place, and much as we loved the woods around the cabin, it was this very space which we must utilise for our berry plantation. Never shall I forget the first big fir to fall. I thought I could not bear it, and hid myself in the cabin, working away at some furniture we were making and trying not to hear the blows of the axe, nor the singing of the saw. But it went on for the better part of a day, and I began to get used to it. Even at tea-time Henry said there was still another hour's sawing before it would come down. The sky was taking on set colors when the first crack sounded which announced the end. Henry had put up a rough scaffold around it, so that he could reach the trunk just above its greatest width. I ran out. I had always meant to be there at the end, in case it should fall on Henry. I stood beside him. I should die with him if the fir crashed in the wrong direction. But there was plenty of time really. It took half a minute for it to come down. The crackling and ripping of its fibres was like the firing of machine guns, and it swayed over slowly at first. Then came the roar as it swept through the air, and the thundering crash as it reached the ground. It lay there amid broken saplings, mashed fern and sweet-in-death, and I wept over it.

Necessity Plays No Favorites

BUT one becomes accustomed to things through necessity. It must be so. Besides there was no time for sentiment. I was as busy as Henry, helping to cut and slash and get ready for burning. The trees themselves, once down, brought us in something. We sold the wood at a dollar a cord, to a neighbor of ours, who brought his cross-cut saw, cut it, piled it, measured it and carried it away. It was fine wood, clean and sweet every stick of it.

The purchaser advanced us a hundred dollars, which was the greatest possible boon. I was to begin school teaching in another two weeks but we had come down to our last five dollars. So we bought powder and made arrangements for a horse to pull stumps. It was Henry's ambition to get half an acre in berries before the Winter set in.

Henry showed me how to fire a stump. Some of the larger ones required twenty-five or thirty sticks of powder and perhaps smaller charges to clean out the roots. The powder is placed about three or four feet down under the centre of the stump, tamped in well with earth and moss, and then a stick of powder is cut in half and the cap, with the fuse attached, carefully placed in the end. This is pushed in with the rest and tamped down, taking great precaution not to disturb the cap. Then the holes are filled up and the fuse lighted.

Run for Shelter

HENRY and I would run like rabbits for shelter, waiting breathlessly for the explosion, ducking down even at a safe distance, in case of an erratic flight on the part of a root or a stone. Then we would race back to see if the blast had been successful, for occasionally, even after the most careful arrangements, part of the stump will remain imbedded and require another shot.

When the time came for me to start teaching, very little had been accomplished. The forest still stood all around the cabin, almost unbroken, save for the bit of unfinished clearing to the left of the house—not the sixteenth part of an acre. I knew Henry was working hard so that he might surprise me by what he had accomplished, but, when I came home for Saturday and Sunday, I pretended a satisfaction and delight I was far from feeling. Henry was tired out, and there had been pitifully little done.

Then came the fire. It started the following Friday, more than a mile below our place, on a farm belonging to a Norwegian. When I returned from school that night, the air was full of smoke; and, when darkness fell, we could see the flames leaping in the timber below us and dangerously near. Henry, with all of the men in the district, was out fighting the flames. They had felled a swathe of trees in the path of the fire and the wind had gone down, so that it was thought the outbreak was under control. I went to bed late. Henry had come up at dark to tell me he would be out until after ten anyway and not to wait up for him. So I fell very sound asleep, thinking the danger was past.

A Forest Fire!

I WAS roused by voices shouting and Henry at the door, calling loudly. Instantly I was awake to see him standing there against an ominous red glow. The wind had risen. The fire had reached our own trees. The cabin itself was in the path of the flames. We fought all night around the little house. Just that bit of clearing which Henry had done was all that protected it. I stayed on the roof and every moment was brushing off some burning ember or spark with a wet broom. Sometimes it got so hot, as the wind would blow the flames from the blazing trees, that I would cover my head and crouch down with my face and arms hidden. When the great tree in front of our cabin caught fire in the topmost branches, Henry, his face black in the glowing light, told me to give up and come down the hill.

But it was just a few minutes after that the wind died, and with it much of the fire. Tall trees still burned. There were constant crashes where they fell. But the flames had done their worst and the cabin was spared.

But what a sight the rising sun showed to us. Nothing but blackness and desolation where only yesterday the woods, fragrant and beautiful, had surrounded our little home!

(To Be Continued)

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

OF great interest to bulb growers in British Columbia are the figures recently published by the Department of Agriculture of the United States touching the quantity of bulbs grown in that country.

In 1928 bulb production is shown to be as follows:

Tulips, between ten and twelve million.

Lilies, approximately fifteen million.

Narcissus, approximately one hundred and forty million.

Lily of the Valley, approximately ten million.

Hyacinths (Dutch) between five and six million.

Crocus, approximately one million.

Iris (bulbus type), between forty and fifty million.

It is interesting to note that over one-third of all these bulbs are grown in Oregon and Washington States.

These figures are of great importance to the bulb growers of British Columbia because they show the progress that has been made in this industry in the States adjoining our Province, and they also show that the United States are far from producing enough bulbs for their own use and will of necessity be an importing nation for some years to come.

Acting-Secretary C. F. Marvin, of the Department of Agriculture, states in connection with the above figures as follows:

"I am advised by the chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry of this Department that the data summarised above were not of the nature of exact statistics, data of that character not being available, but, that in the absence of exact statistics, estimates based upon information accumulated by observation and through correspondence between the bulb specialists of that bureau and firms known to be engaged in the production of bulbs were used as a basis.

"It is the understanding of this Department that these estimates relate to the crop of bulbs now growing, without regard to the quantity that are available for sale to the trade this year."

From the above it is plain that a very large proportion of the bulbs will not be fit for sale for a year or more, so that only, perhaps, one-third of the quantity named are really commercial bulbs ready for sale.

The progress of bulb growing in the United States is interesting to us in British Columbia because it shows how an industry that is not more than ten years old has grown. It must be taken into consideration, however, that the embargo on the importation of foreign bulbs, now in force in the United States has lent a great impetus to the industry.

In Canada, where Spring flowering bulbs are admitted free of duty the situation is somewhat different as the bulb growers come into direct competition with the cheap labor of Europe. In time, no doubt, a measure of protection may be introduced, but it is very doubtful if such a measure would be wise at the present time, because stocks are not yet large enough in Canada to shut out the imported articles, or to make it unduly expensive.

In the matter of Summer flowering bulbs, such as gladiolus and dahlias, there is a heavy duty which protects the home grower, but in the case of these Summer flowering subjects the industry is much further advanced than is the case with the Spring flowering bulbs.

These few notes are given simply because the writer knows that the bulb growing industry is one of the coming forms of horticulture for British Columbia and that every scrap of information on the subject is worth recording for the benefit of those interested.